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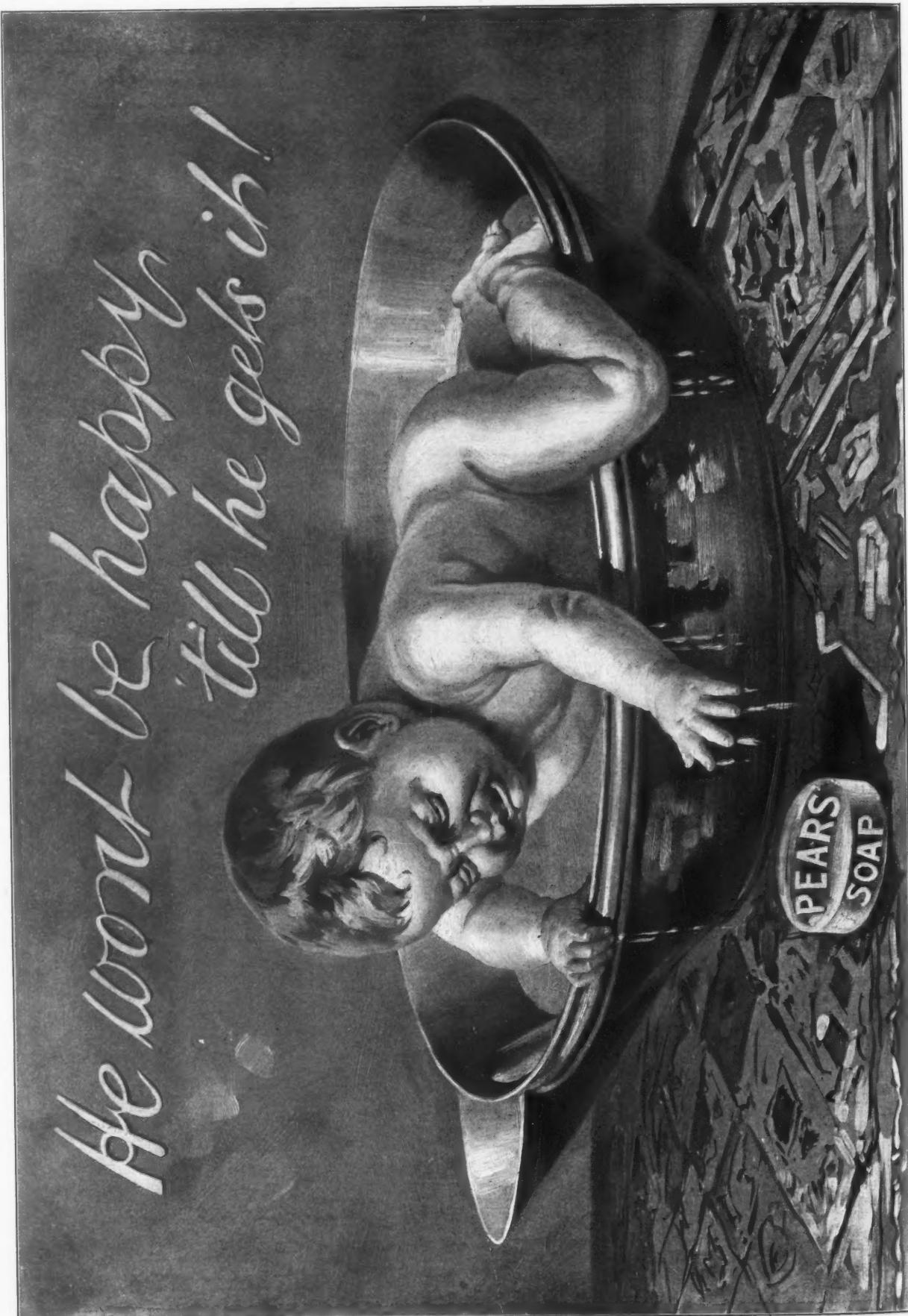
LIFE



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1904

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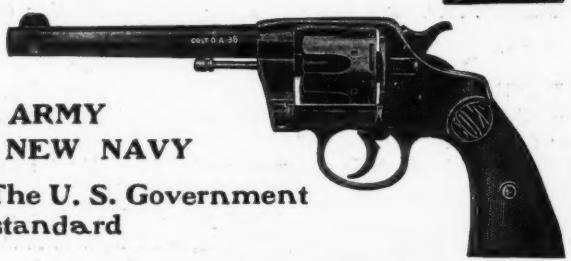
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A Letter.

DEAR LIFE:—If you and your cosmopolitan friend are not already weary of feminine protest, we would like to bring to your notice the following:

What would our lesser poets and artists do if "lovely woman" should cease to be their inspiration? They would be desperate.

Do you not suppose we women grow just a trifle weary of seeing ourselves peering out from under large pompadours with our monotonously level eyebrows raised adorably? Do you not suppose that we sicken when we read some cloying lines addressed to "Daphne," "Clotilde" and "Chloe"? Is there anything could so well wear out our vanity?

As for the important question of hat-lifting to the gentler sex, it has been considered a mere form of civility, a habit of the old school. If our men would, with as good a grace, yield us a seat in a crowded car, we would overlook the absence of mere form if the spirit were so well manifested.

Let us always do justice to our sisters on other portions of the globe, whose compatriots would be the last to suggest their inferiority. But let not our countrymen, cosmopolitan though they may be, for one minute suppose that their over-indulgent praise can harm us. Praise, when undeserved, can but make us more truly aware of our faults; when merited, more anxious to persevere in our virtues.

Keep on, LIFE, filling your pages with pretty faces and musical rhymes, but, oh, cosmopolitan readers, trust our easily turned heads, which should have performed a complete revolution by now, to keep firm before the light breezes of *your* flattery.

MONDAY, NOV. 14TH.

Another Cosmopolitan.

An Embarrassing Inquiry.

"I DON'T see anything the matter with your elbow, Mr. Chaser," said Bobby, who had forgotten his mother's injunction to keep still at the dinner table.

"There isn't anything the matter with it, Bobby," innocently replied the guest. "What made you think there was?"

"Why, I heard papa say that you were a nice fellow, except that you crooked your elbow too much, but it looks all right to me."

Then Bobbie retired, but not in good order.—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

Had No Faith in the Automobile.

AN action for damages alleged to have been received in an automobile accident was recently brought in an adjoining county. A woman had been thrown from a carriage, the horse attached to which was frightened by an automobile.

She landed in a ditch and was not dangerously injured. Upon being assisted to her feet, it is related, some one spoke of calling a doctor and suggested a physician who visits his patients in an automobile. The injured woman protested, saying: "No, don't call him. I don't want an automobile doctor. Get me a horse doctor."—*Utica Observer.*

He Refused to Be Worried.

MRS. C. one morning last week thought she smelled gas. Bravery came to her mysteriously and she crept downstairs to investigate. After smelling about for some minutes she rushed upstairs, called Mr. C., then shook him, and at last aroused him. Then this was heard:

"John, there is a leak in the gas pipe in the kitchen. We'll all die if it is not fixed."

Leaks had been heard of before, and Mr. C. sleepily asked:

"Is it a-leaking much now?"

"Not much!" screamed his wife, and then, as Mr. C. turned over, this soothing advice was given:

"Put a bucket under it and come to bed."—*Birmingham Post.*

"WILL you kindly tell us," a New York reporter asked of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the actress, "why you are so frequently cold and unresponsive to—to our profession, don't you know? Have you any grouch against newspapers?"

"Not a thing—except one," she replied; "they will, now and again, call me 'Mrs. Pat.' I can't stand that 'Pat.' It is the last straw that breaks the Campbell's back."—*Exchange.*



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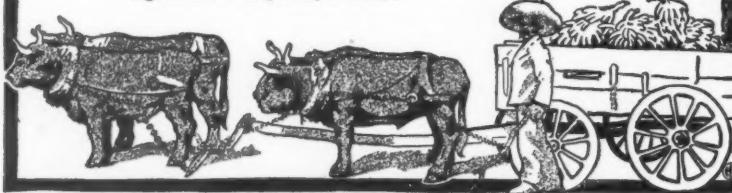
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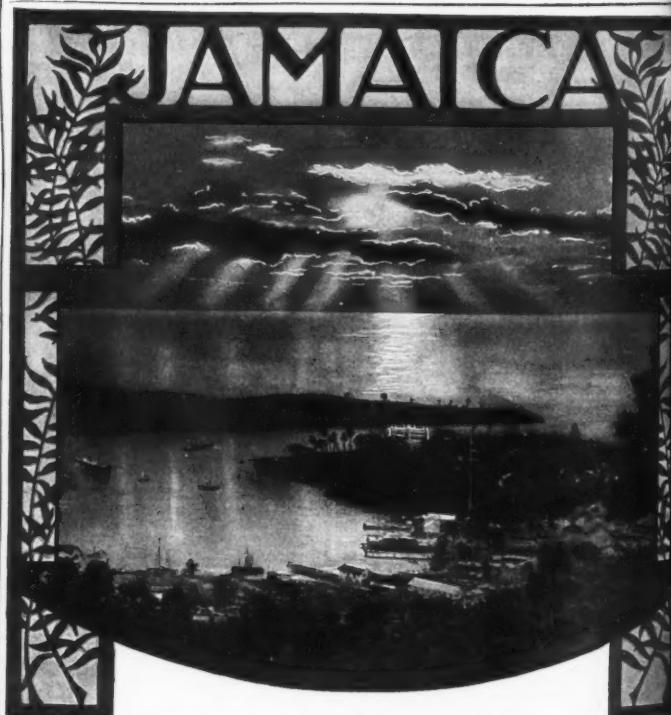
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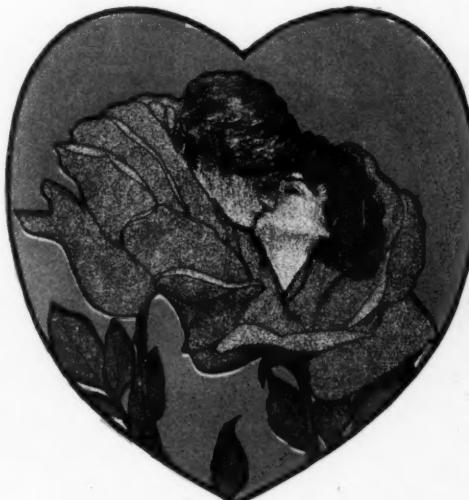
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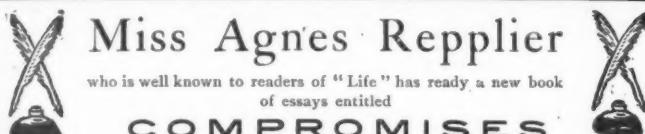


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1905

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From THE CUSTODIAN.

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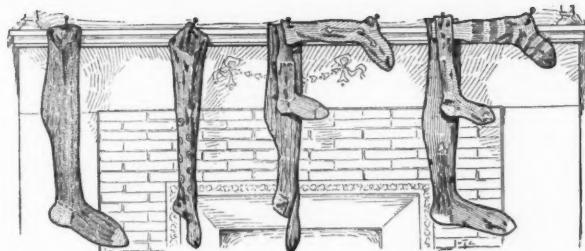
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66 Fifth Ave.
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DECEMBER 1,
1904.

NUMBER
1158.



A FALLING OUT.

WITH A HAPPY ENDING.

Santa Claus.

I USED to watch for Santa Claus
With childish faith sublime,
And listen in the snowy night
To hear his sleigh-bells chime.
Beside the door-on Christmas Eve
I put a truss of hay
To feed the prancing, dancing steeds
That sped him on his way.

I pictured him a jolly man
With beard of frosty white,
And cheeks so fat, that, when he laughed,
They hid his eyes from sight;

A heart that overflowed with love
For little girls and boys,
And on his back a bulging pack,
Brimful of gorgeous toys.

If children of a larger growth
Could have a Christmas tree
From Father Time, one gift alone
Would be enough for me—
Let others take the gems and gold,
And trifles light and vain,
But give me back my old belief
In Santa Claus again !

Minna Irving.

Greeting.

BROTHER: LIFE salutes you !
Are you in sympathy with the
Christmas season?

If so, stay so. If not, get so. It is
important.

It is essential to any considerable
satisfaction with life that a man
should have some spiritual quality.
There must burn—or at least smoulder—in him some spark of preference
for truth; some prejudice, unsuborned,
in favor of righteousness. It is im-
possible to make life profitable on a
purely material basis.



A LOVING CUP.

An Appeal.

EAR SANTA CLAUS:

DEAR SANTA CLAUS: I never heard of you until this morning, when I met Lord Fauntleroy—the rich little pug who lives on the Avenue, you know. He ran away from his nurse just for a lark, and we played mud-pies in a street puddle. He told me about the wonderful presents you brought him last Christmas—the pink and blue neck ribbons, the stunning leather collar studded with brass nails, the harness with tinkling bells, the rubber bouncing ball, and the toy mouse that ran the length of a string. Now, I'm only a yeller alley dog, lame in one leg, blind in one eye, and I'd never dream of asking for anything half so splendid as you gave Fauntleroy, but if you could bring me

a bone, it would be simply great! Fauntleroy says that you always put your presents into stockings; that Elizabeth Maud, the little girl he belongs to, loaned him one of hers Christmas eve, and they hung it up with his name printed on a slip of paper pinned to the heel. But you see I don't belong to anybody and can't borrow a stocking, so if you'll just drop my bone into an ash-barrel instead, I'll be much obliged—the barrel at the end of the alley is the easiest to knock over. I can think of nothing that I want except the bone—only, on Christmas day, if you'd put it into the heart of a passer-by—a man, a woman, or a little child—to stop just a moment, pat my head, and say "Doggie," soft and kind, you know, I'd 'preciate it down to the ground.

Truly yours,
A Yeller Alley Dog.

Colonization.

THOUGH only the cynic challenges,
 'Tis truth that we here declare:
All voters for Cupid register
 From a castle in the air.



LOVE WILL FIND A WAY.



A CHRISTMAS DECORATION.



SO SENSIBLE.

BE A SENSIBLE GIRL AND WEAR HEELS THAT ARE FLAT,
AND COMB BACK YOUR HAIR WITHOUT CURL.
IF YOU DON'T FULL YOUR WAIST IN OR GLANCE AT A MAN,
YOU'LL CONTINUE—A SENSIBLE GIRL!

In Doubt.

MOTHER: Well, Johnnie, what are you going to give your teacher for a Christmas present?

JOHNNIE: It is too soon to talk about that yet, mamma; it all depends on how she behaves herself between now and Christmas.



NOT BAD TO TAKE.

IF THE GIRL THAT YOU'RE GONE ON FIGHTS SHY OF A KISS,
DON'T GRAB ONE AND RUN, OR YOU'LL RUE IT.
MARCH UP TO HER MOTHER AND GIVE HER A SMACK,
JUST TO SHOW HER HOW NICELY YOU DO IT!

To Avoid Undue Suffering.

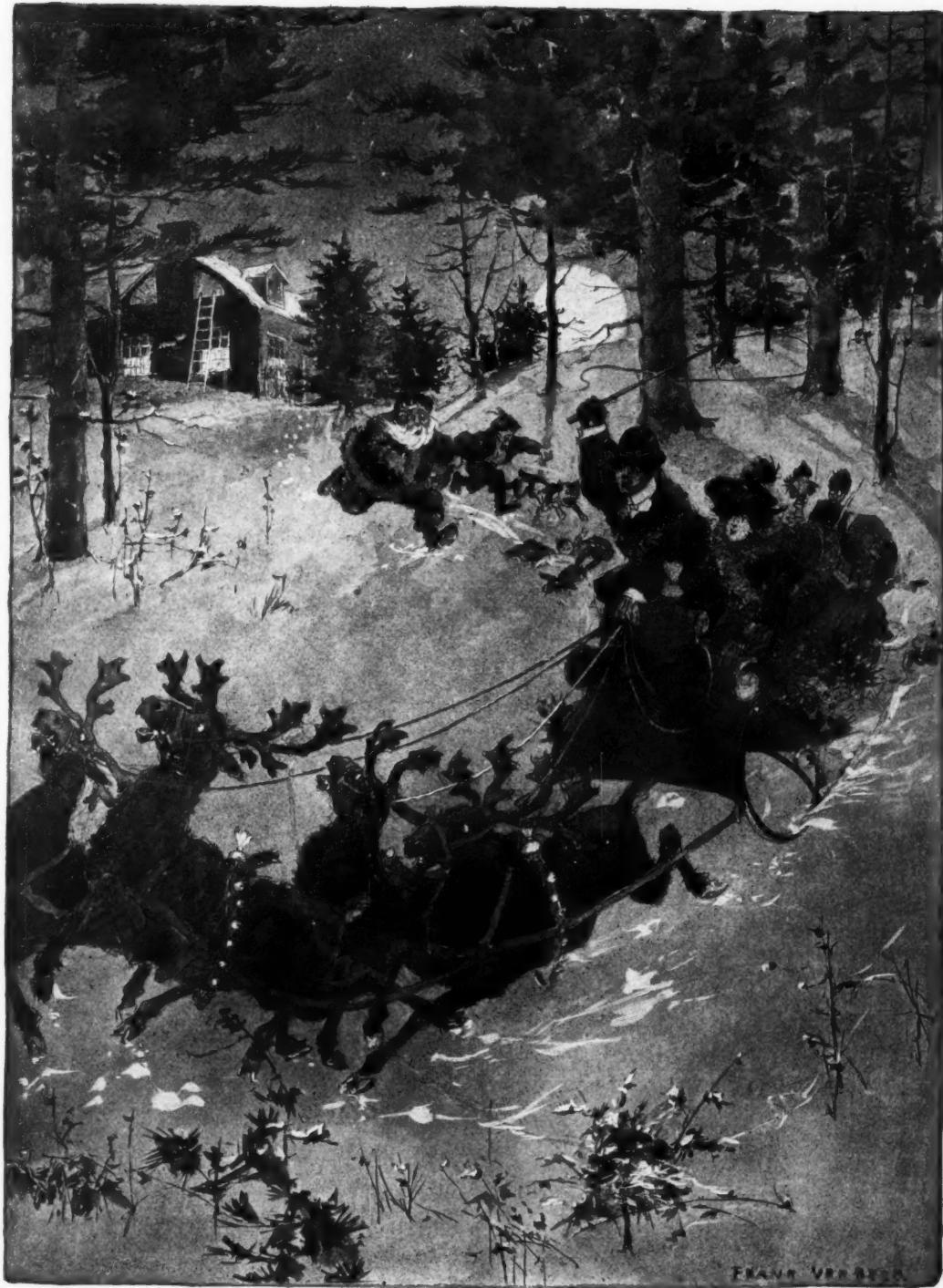
DOCTOR, will I suffer any?"

"Not a bit. We will put you under ether."

"Well, can't you do the same thing when you present your bill?"



MOTHS.



A CHRISTMAS ELOPEMENT.



A CORNER IN WOMEN.

McFERSON entered his office at 9:05. There was a heavy accumulation of mail on his desk.

"Robert," he said to the office boy, "tell Miss Jones to come in."

Robert returned from the outer office in a moment.

"Miss Jones hasn't got here yet, sir."

McFerson frowned. Miss Jones had never been late before.

"Very well. Go out and see if you can get Miss Peterson."

Robert came back in another moment.

"Miss Peterson is not here, sir."

McFerson stopped short with his letter-opener in his hand.

"What's the matter with this office force, anyhow?" he demanded. "These letters must be answered at once. If we don't get an early start we can't get through with them. Robert, you go downstairs in the main corridor and see if that young woman typewriter can come right up."

Robert shot through the door. In a few moments he returned again. His face betrayed anxiety.

"Not there, sir."

McFerson began to pace the floor. He was irritated beyond measure.

"Confound these girls!" he exclaimed. "I'll fire the whole lot of them. Let's see! There's a typewriter agency in the next street. I'll tell 'em to send over somebody."

He studied the telephone book for a moment, and then took down the receiver.

No answer.

McFerson joggled the thing up and down. He waited—and waited—his face betraying more impatience every minute.

"Hello!" at last came over the wire—in a man's voice.

"Hello!" roared McFerson. "What's the matter with you people, anyway? Never saw such service."

"We're short-handed," was the reply. "Not a girl has shown up. I'm the chief operator."

"Not a girl showed up!" replied McFerson. "Well, that's my trouble. What's the matter with all the girls this morning, I wonder?" He asked for his number, and after another long wait—again the man's voice:

"Don't answer."

McFerson put down the receiver with a bang. He began to walk the floor. At this moment Spinnerton, the lawyer, whose office was across the way, came in. His face was pale.

"Old man," he said, "I'm in the deuce of a fix."

"What's the trouble?"

"My wife's disappeared."

"Disappeared!"

"Yes—vanished during the night. Can't find her anywhere. I'm about crazy."

He caught McFerson by the arm and drew him to the window—a window that overlooked Broadway.

"Look!" he exclaimed, "there's something mysterious in the air."

They gazed down on the crowded street. Groups of men were gathered together on the corners. Some were gesticulating wildly.

Moved by a common impulse, McFerson and Spinnerton made their way silently down into the street.

"Has it occurred to you," said Spinnerton, hoarsely, "that you haven't seen a woman this morning?"

"No," said McFerson, "not until you spoke. By Jove, I haven't."

They hurried down Broadway. There was a suppressed air of excitement. Snatches of exclamations came to them on every side. "Wife gone." "Girls disappeared." "Where's my mother?"

They accosted a stranger, who was holding a baby in his arms.

"What's the matter this morning?" asked McFerson

"So far as can be ascertained," replied the man, "all the women in New York have disappeared. It's a nice situation, isn't it? Christmas season just coming on, and nobody here to see it through. I'm the father of ten children." He hurried along.

McFerson and Spinnerton took their station in front of a ferry house. They waited while the streams of people passed out.

All men—not a woman among them.

Suddenly they heard a boy calling "Extra!" With feverish eagerness they bought the paper and read as follows:

NO WOMEN LEFT!

NEW YORK SUDDENLY DESERTED BY ITS FEMALE POPULATION. SECRET TRUST AT WORK. A DESPERATE SITUATION.

Early this morning this great city suddenly rose to the consciousness that all of its women have mysteriously disappeared. Inquiry at the hotels, many private houses, transportation offices and other centres developed the fact that during the night every woman in New York was transported out of town by a mysterious agency—the head of which is suspected, but not yet known.

At the railroad stations in Jersey City and Weehawken, and at the Grand Central, where reporters have been stationed since the alarm went out, it was ascertained that no woman of any description was allowed to enter the city, all the incoming trains being carefully searched. The railroad officials are silent. It is evident that they are in the power of an individual who at the present moment is holding this city in a fierce thrall.

There will be a citizens' meeting at noon in Madison Square.

At the perusal of this intelligence the two men looked at each other in consternation.

"I guess there cannot be any doubt," said McFerson, "who is responsible for this horrible state of affairs. It must be Morgfeller. Everybody knows that he has been the most powerful force in this republic for a long time, but no one would dream that he has dared to do so much, and apparently he has hit upon the Christmas shopping season—just when the women are the most important factors—to strike his deadly blow."

Morgfeller was the recognized head of the financial world. It was openly known that he controlled all the railroads, which had recently, under his silent manipulation, been combined into one vast system. It was also known that the banks had yielded to his power and that the entire circulation of the country was at his mercy. Rumors had been floating around that he had also got control of the legislatures, and was the secret power behind the throne at Washington.



"The man must be mad," cried Spinerton. "Why, his life won't be safe a moment. If I can get my hands on him, I'll tear him limb from limb."

He staggered back in the excess of his emotion.

McFerson, who was a bachelor, supported him.

"Cheer up, old man," he cried. "This can't last. It is only some joke. Let us go to the citizens' meeting."

The two men hurried to Madison Square.

A vast concourse of citizens had already assembled.

On a temporary stand, erected just east of the fountain, a man was addressing the multitude.

McFerson and Spinerton recognized him at once as a former Mayor, one whose utterances had always been tinged with Socialism, and yet a man who had invariably commanded the respect of the community.

"Fellow-citizens," he exclaimed, as they pushed their way near to him, "this city at the present moment is under the absolute dominion of one man. Our wives, sisters, mothers and sweethearts have been taken away from us in a twinkling, and apparently we are powerless. An appeal has been made to Washington, and what is the reply?"

He took from his pocket a paper that he waved wildly in the air.

"This is what we hear from our President in response to our call for help. He says: (reading)

"To the Citizens of New York:

"I cannot help you. I am only the President of the United States."

"Think of this, fellow-citizens! Think of how low we have fallen, when we have permitted ourselves to drop into the hands of a man like Morgfeller."

At the mention of this dread name, shouts and hisses were heard on all sides. Cries of "Where is he?" "We'll make short work of him!" "Death to Morgfeller!" rent the air as the vast crowd, swayed by the most intense excitement, surged to and fro.

The speaker paused, and waited until a measure of quiet had been restored. Then he lifted his hand as if pronouncing a benediction and his voice lowered perceptibly.

"Fellow-citizens," he said, impressively, "you have called upon me to



LIFE

"A man who had had the hardihood to wear a white shirt."

give you counsel, and as Chairman of the Committee on the Reinstatement of Our Women, which has just been organized, I trust you will listen to my words.

"First, then, I counsel patience. Mr. Morgfeller, it was ascertained this morning, has left town and is now at one of his numerous country-seats.

"But our time is coming. While we cannot reach him now, he was heard to boast that he or his representative would return in three days' time.

"Let us, therefore, wait. Once let us get him in our grasp, we will make him give back to us those so near and dear, and he shall pay the penalty of this arrogance.

"Why this man dares to taunt us, I do not know. He is doubtless drunk with power, and imagines his person is sacred, but though he be surrounded with an army, I feel sure that the citizens of New York will seek their just revenge upon him.

"But until he comes, fellow-citizens, let us have Patience! Patience!"

The crowd spread in all directions, seething up and down Broadway in a vast mass of emotion.

McFerson, half leading, half supporting his stricken friend, led him away to his home.

Three days later McFerson sat in his office writing letters in long hand.

Spinnerton came in. He was heavy-eyed and hollow. He looked disreputable. His hair hadn't been brushed. He wore no collar. His shoes had not been shined.

"Any news?"

"None. The mails come and go, but no one is allowed to leave New York. I have ascertained that my wife is safe, but that is all."

McFerson pointed to a half-empty whisky bottle.

"Have a swig?" he asked.

"Don't mind if I do," replied Spinnerton.

"Here's a glass."

"I don't want a glass. Who cares?"

He drank out of the bottle.

McFerson got up.

"I'll be hanged if I can do any work," he exclaimed. "I never knew before how important these girls were."

"Well, I don't know," said Spinnerton. "There's no

need of it, anyway. Since my wife has been away I haven't had to pay any bills, and it costs me scarcely anything to live. I guess," he added, with a smile, "that there won't be many Christmas presents this year, either."

"Let's go uptown."

The two men left the office building and got on a Broadway car.

The motorman and conductor were each smoking a corn-cob pipe. Inside the car were about twenty men. The air was full of smoke. Some wore sweaters, some flannel shirts, open at the front. Not a man had on a white collar. As they went along, they noticed that half the shops were closed.

A prominent haberdasher sat in his window playing poker with four friends.

The proprietor of a ladies' tailoring establishment dozed in his chair, still clad in the pajamas he had slept in. A general air of demoralization prevailed.

The two men got out at Thirty-fourth Street and went into the Waldorf. Some kind of a fight was in progress here. A man who had had the hardihood to wear a white shirt was being mobbed. His shirt was torn off his back. Screams of coarse laughter, oaths and shouts were heard on every side. The whole place was filled with a dense cloud of tobacco smoke.

"What's going to be the end of this horrible business?" asked McFerson.

"I'll be hanged if I know," said Spinnerton.

"Here, boy, a paper."

The two friends read as follows:

MORGFELLER COMING!

WILL STEP FROM HIS PRIVATE CAR IN THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION AT NOON. OPINIONS DIVIDED AS TO HIS RECEPTION.

McFerson read no more, but grabbed his companion by the arm.

"Come," he cried. "Let's join the crowd. Let's get after Morgfeller. Why, we'll lynch him! We'll burn him alive! Come!"

But Spinnerton drew back. It was evident that he was embarrassed.

"To be candid with you," he said, "I'm not quite so keen about Morgfeller as I was."

"What do you mean? Do you mean to say that you approve of what he has done?"

Spinnerton was silent. McFerson looked at him scornfully.

"Here!" he said, "I'm a bachelor, and you a married man. I ought to be the one to submit instead of you. But I can't say that this state of things appeals to me. In fact, it's getting on my nerves. I'm used to living in a decent manner. Why, hang it, man, I have to make my own bed. And who can I get to do my washing? I'm used to living halfway trim, but since the women have all left us, nobody seems to care. Everything is at sixes and sevens. I'm for hanging Morgfeller to the nearest lamp-post."

Spinnerton smiled feebly.

"I can't say that I feel the same as that," he said. "It was a terrible shock to me at first, I'll admit. But there are benefits arising from this situation that I never realized before. In the first place, there's an absolute freedom. I can do as I please in my own house. I've got a man to cook my meals and tidy up a bit, and I treat him just the way I treat anybody I employ. Before I was under the dominion of a female in the kitchen. That is, my wife was, and she controlled me, so it amounted to the same thing. Now I can do anything I want to do. I can smoke all over the house, and drink and swear, and wear the first thing that comes handy. But, better than all, there's no worry. I don't have to be dragged off to the opera. There are no more dinners to attend. I'm not bothered with dressmakers or florists, and all this social rigmarole has vanished like magic. Why, simply to get rid of all this Christmas shopping is everything. To be honest with you, my friend, it's a mighty relief."

The two men looked at each other.

They recognized that for each of them it was a critical moment. Unconsciously they had epitomized the situation. They belonged to two opposing parties.

And this evidently was what Morgfeller had counted on.

"Well," said McFerson, "as I understand it, I want the women back and you don't."

He waved his arm around the corridor of the hotel. The news of the coming of the financial king seemed to have crystallized matters at once. Almost unconsciously all the men present had drawn themselves into two groups. It was evidently going to be a fight to the death.

"You see," he continued, "how the land lies. So let us be neutral. Let us pair off."

"Agreed," said Spinnerton, and they made their way uptown toward the Grand Central.

Crowds of citizens were thronging thitherward from all directions. And everywhere they were falling, instinctively, naturally, into two groups.

These groups soon began to be distinguished by cries of their own and by emblems and banners hastily devised.

One banner, surrounded by a group of determined and sad-eyed old graybeards, not one of them under 70, read:

DOWN WITH MORGFELLER!

GIVE US BACK OUR SWEETHEARTS!

Another banner, enthusiastically followed by a long line of benedict, read:

WHO'S ALL RIGHT?

MORGFELLER!

NO MORE DRESSMAKERS' BILLS TO PAY!

TO HELL WITH REFINEMENT!

As the two men approached the scene of the expected arrival, the throng became more dense, and their progress was constantly impeded by groups of individuals varying in size, who listened with shouts of enthusiasm to orators improvised from their own ranks.

On the corner of Broadway and Thirty-seventh Street, a fashionable physician was addressing his fellows.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "it is needless to remind you how critical is this terrible situation. In the last few days my own income has dwindled to almost nothing. Unless we have the women to support us, our very existence as a profession will be threatened. My instruments are becoming rusty from disuse. Let us, therefore, organize and march upon this fell destroyer of our rights and privileges!"

On the next corner a small, nervous and radiant-faced little man was holding forth from the rear end of an automobile to a large and enthusiastic gathering.

"Fellow-citizens in newly-found freedom," he cried, "I haven't known what it means to kick up my heels now for twelve long years, since I was led as a sacrifice to the altar. And now, having got a taste of liberty, shall we relinquish it?" (Cries of "Never! Never!") "No! we shall keep what we have gained. This great city will soon, under this great reform administration, be the stamping-ground of all the real dead-game sports in the world, who are tired of being led around by the ears. Gentlemen, up to three days ago I didn't dare say that my soul was my own. Now, thanks to Morgfeller, I can raise the devil every hour of the day and night.

"But, brothers, we must get together. We have strong opposition. All the tradespeople are against us. Every jeweler, every tailor, every caterer, every doctor, is against us. But we belong to the great silent majority, and with Morgfeller on our side we will win!"

As the two men passed on by the Metropolitan Opera House, Spinnerton, inflamed by the last utterance, but still preserving his neutrality, could not help but triumphantly refer McFerson to the legend that hung on its doors:

GRAND OPERA SUSPENDED.

THIS HOUSE WILL HEREAFTER BE A FIRST-CLASS VAUDEVILLE.

ALL THE LATEST STORIES!

SMOKING, DRINKING AND HIGH JINKS.

"I must confess," said McFerson, "that this is a pleasant change. But let us move along."

As they approached the station they became conscious that something startling had happened. Cries of rage and disappointment were heard on all sides. It was ten minutes past the time when the great man was expected.

The train had come in, and he was not in it.

In his place he had sent his private secretary.

As the news spread along the





"Gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you Bridget Murphy."

line, howls of fury rent the air. Could it be that Morgfeller was afraid? His adherents, lined up on one side, scorned the idea. His enemies, lined up on the other side, jeered in derision.

Suddenly there was a vast shout. The two friends, looking down the line, saw a startling sight. An open victoria flanked by a company of soldiers was coming. In the victoria were two figures—a man and a woman!

The man, as became immediately evident, was the private secretary. The woman was about fifty. Her face, unmistakably Celtic, was wrinkled with innumerable lines. She was gaunt, raw-boned, ugly.

What could it mean?

It became evident, however, that Morgfeller had plans of his own, which the man whom he had chosen to represent him was amply empowered to carry out.

That individual, as the victoria arrived at the intersection of Broadway and Forty-second Street, motioned to the driver to stop. Then he arose and addressed the multitude. He was faultlessly groomed, in a silk hat and frock coat, and presented a strange contrast to his unkempt audience.

"Gentlemen," he said, waving his hand in the direction of his companion, "allow me to introduce to you Bridget Murphy. I am taking her down to the Stock Exchange, where she will be duly listed. Every man in this city will have an opportunity to bid upon her services."

The carriage moved on again amid a dense uproar.

"So," said McFerson, "this is Morgfeller's game. He is certainly a master hand at finance. He has shrewdly played upon one of the most powerful forces in human nature, by creating a division among all men themselves. If it were not for fellows like you, he wouldn't live a moment. But through you he has succeeded in making a division of public opinion, while he reaps the profit."

"That's only partially true," retorted Spinnerton, warmly. "Don't blame me, or men like me. The fault lies with the women. They are, as usual, at the bottom of the case. The fact is, they have been overrunning the whole place. And we chaps with our noses to the grindstone so long cannot but welcome a benefactor like Morgfeller. Women have made slaves of us, and he comes as a liberator, and he's entitled to make money out of this deal. But I warn him in advance that if he permits things to lapse

back into their old state, he'll get himself into trouble. A few women here and there in their proper places are all right, but we've had a taste of Freedom, and he'd better be careful."

The next day Bridget Murphy stock rose on the Exchange to enormous figures, but finally she was knocked down to one of the wealthiest bachelors in town for one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

Several attempts were made on the private secretary's life, but owing to the marvelous vigilance of the married men, he escaped unhurt.

The day following, Maggie McCarthy was ushered in amid the wildest enthusiasm. The market rose and fell with feverish excitement. Puts and calls on future arrivals became rampant. Two typewriters came next, followed by three old maids who had lived in Harlem.

The market fell. Then no more arrivals for twenty-four hours caused it to rise again with a bound.

Morgfeller's profits were enormous.

Every day he endowed some new university, and had a lot left over.

One morning, at the end of a week, McFerson came down to the office with smiling face.

Robert, the office boy, was lolling in a chair smoking a cigarette. He looked up in surprise as he beheld McFerson in a brand-new suit and boiled shirt.

"Young man," said McFerson, sternly, "throw that away. Haven't you heard the news? Miss Jones and Miss Peterson are both back and will be here in a moment. They cost me ten thousand dollars, but it was worth it. I'm so glad to get them back that I don't begrudge Morgfeller a cent."

Robert sped out to buy him a paper collar, and McFerson went out in the hall, where he ran up against Spinnerton.

That gentleman had a solemn air.

"Have you heard the news?" he asked anxiously.

"No. Is it bad?"

"Well, I should say so. Morgfeller is beginning to send the married women back in small lots. The first delegation will arrive to-day. This thing has gone far enough. He's a traitor."

McFerson frowned.

"On the contrary," he replied severely, "I regard him as being the greatest benefactor this country has ever had. He has made money by the operation, but he deserves it. For he has taught us all how valuable women are."

Spinnerton glared.

"Nonsense!" he replied. "He had the greatest idea of the century. Why, with one stroke he solved all the problems of the age. Once get rid of all the women, and life is a cinch. No bills to pay! No absurd conventionalities! No slavery!"

And then suddenly, as the two men looked at each other, they realized that, while they were still bitterly opposed, their respective positions were reversed from what they had been.

Each belonged to a party, but it was the same party that a week before the other had belonged to. There could be

no doubt that Morgfeller was clever. For the balance of public opinion for and against him was still so nicely adjusted as to insure his safety.

So earnest had been their talk that the two friends did not realize, until they looked up, that they had walked out on Broadway. Then they became aware that even in the midst of so much that was unusual that had recently taken place, some extraordinary event was in progress.

A procession was coming in the near distance.

It consisted of a long line of carriages, and each carriage was filled with women.

Spinnerton turned pale.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated, lapsing unconsciously into an expletive that he was in the habit of using before the exodus. "Is the corner broken? Are they *all* coming back?"

Even at this moment a handkerchief was fluttered at him from a carriage that was passing. He sprang forward.

"Darling!" said a voice. "Don't you know me?"

Spinnerton leaned over the carriage and clasped his wife in his arms.

"Of course I know you," he said. "Come! Get out and come home."

His arm was touched by an official—one of Morgfeller's former office boys who had risen to the rank of captain.

"Your wife will be delivered to you in good time, sir, on payment of the merely nominal fee of five thousand dollars. In the meantime, don't block up the way."

Spinnerton turned back to McFerson, who had just finished reading the leading article in an afternoon paper.

"You see," he said sadly, "how it is. It's a case of tribute. Morgfeller makes millions, and we pay for it. Nothing gained! Things are going to be the same as before."

But McFerson smiled back a smile of superior knowledge, born of a more recent acquisition of facts, now so well known as to be commonplace.

"My boy," he replied, "you're wrong. Out of every great social upheaval such as we have been through is bound to come good. Morgfeller is but an instrument in the hands of Providence. Read this and rejoice."

And Spinnerton, transfigured, read as follows:

COMPROMISE!

ARBITRATION COMMITTEE COMPLETES ITS

LABORS.

THE PRO-FEMALES AND THE ANTIS COME TO
TERMS.

REGULATIONS GOVERNING THE NEW RÉGIME.

Mr. Morgfeller has builded better than he knew. When, without the slightest warning, he succeeded, by means of the vast machinery at his disposal, in quietly extracting all the female population from the Metropolis, he wisely counted, for his own ultimate safety, on a division of public opinion.

And when, there having been set up in the Pro-Female party the most unheard-of demand for women that has ever been known, and he began to introduce them gradually back again, his wonderful shrewdness was again manifested.

For again there was division on the same ques-

tion. A howl of protest against him went up from the very ones who had so ardently supported him.

On the other hand, those who had been his most severe critics now began to favor this reinstatement of women. Thus the tables were neatly turned by one of the greatest minds of the century.

Yesterday morning it became apparent that a tremendous fight was in progress. All the married men rose up as a solid phalanx. They had gotten a taste of power, and preferred to make the most of it. On the other side were a large army of bachelors, tradespeople and octogenarians.

An arbitration committee, composed of leading citizens of both parties, was at last formed, and after a stormy session they arrived at the following compromise, a perusal of which will reveal the fact that a new era has dawned on the greatest metropolis of the modern world.

Resolved, That women shall be reinstated again under the following conditions:

The fashions will change only every four years. Any dressmaker caught wheedling a woman into buying something she cannot afford will be exiled at once.

A fixed scale of prices for all milliners, no hat or bonnet to be over five dollars.

No woman will be allowed to shop more than one hour a week.

Husbands will be allowed to smoke anywhere.

Afternoon teas, wedding receptions, authors' readings, women's clubs abolished.

Any foreign nobleman caught within the city limits will be promptly shot.

No more horse shows.

Grand opera removed to Albany.

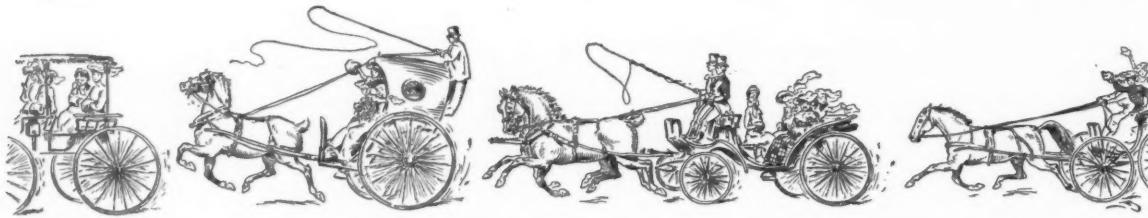
Any husband reporting that his wife has lectured him for being out late will send his name and address to the Satisfaction Committee, who will take the matter in hand.

Hereafter, all women will have to stay home in summer, while their husbands go on a vacation.

Any woman caught attempting to drag her husband out to a social function that he doesn't want to go to, will be punished to the full extent of the law.

Spinnerton grasped his friend solemnly by the hand. "Long live Morgfeller!" he exclaimed.

Tom Masson.



"A Generous Giver."

THE subject of Christmas presents was under discussion. It cast a gloom upon the party, because the time was approaching when none could hope to escape these tokens of regard. Their peculiar undesirability, the elaborate and ingenious character of their inaptitude, were frankly and fairly admitted. The only mystery about them was the principle which prompted their selection—since selected they all are by somebody—and this dark problem was suddenly flooded with light when a philanthropic lady remarked that she always purchased her presents at fairs. She said she knew they were useless, and that nobody wanted them, but that she considered it her duty to help the fairs. She had the air of one conscious of well-doing, and sure of a heavenly reward. It never seemed to occur to her that the reward ought to be passed on with the purchases. The necessities of churches and charitable organizations called for some sacrifice, and, like the patriot

who sent his wife's relatives to the war, she benevolently offered up her friends.

A great deal of ingenuity is wasted every year in the construction of things that cumber life. The civilized world is so full of these objects that we sometimes envy the savage who wears all his simple wardrobe without being covered, and sees all his simple possessions in a corner of his empty hut. What pleasant spaces must meet the savage eye! What admirable vacancies must soothe the savage-soul! No embroidered bag is needed to hold his sponge and wash-rag. No painted box is destined for his postal cards. No decorated tablet waits for his washing lists. No ornate wall-pocket yawns for his unpaid bills. He smokes without cigarette-cases. He dances without cotillion favors. He enjoys all reasonable diversions, unencumbered by the superfluities with which we have weighted them. Life is endurable to him, even with its pleasures thrown in.

Above all, he does not undermine his own character by vicarious benevolence, by helping the needy at his

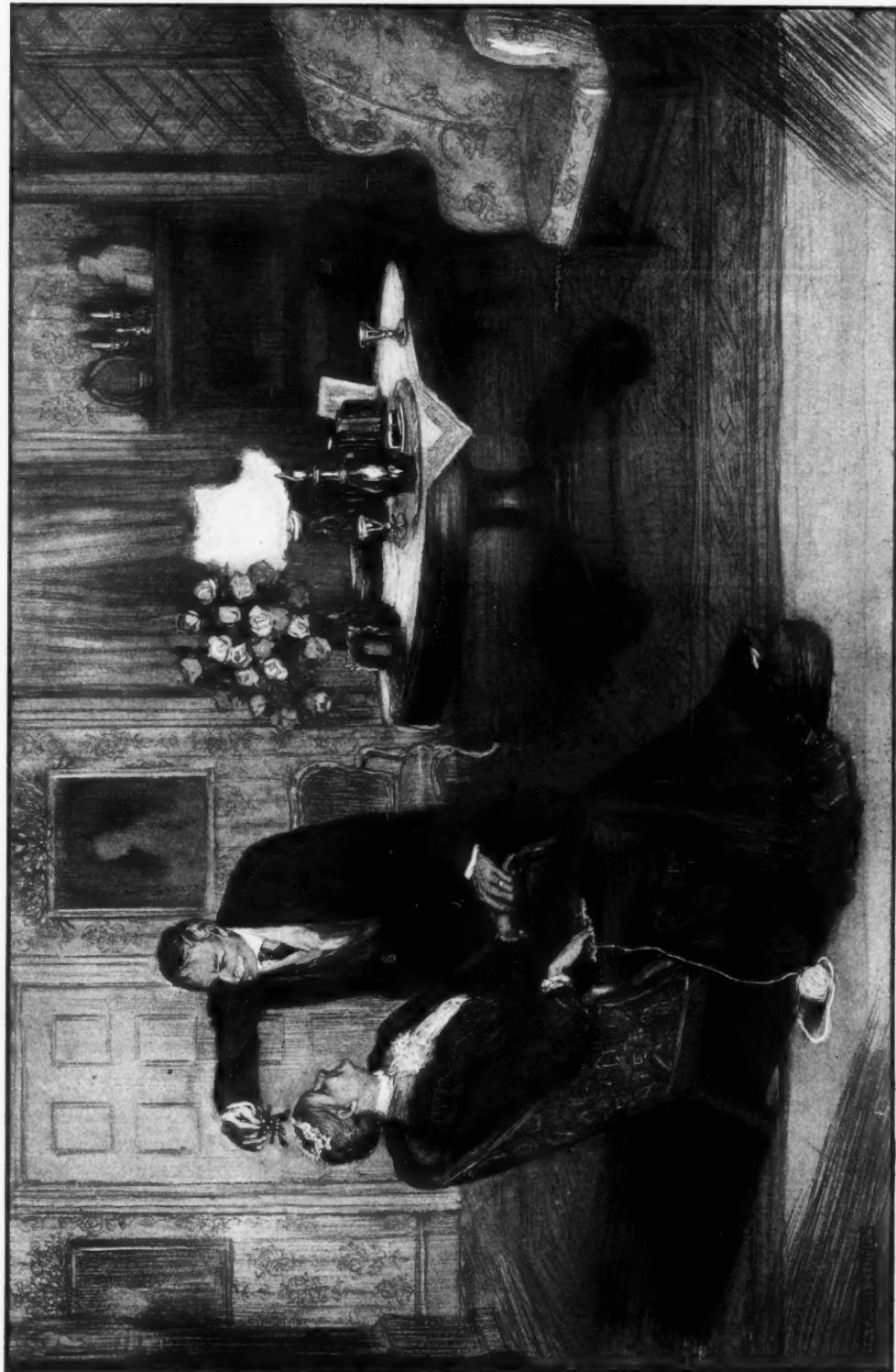
friends' expense. The great principle of giving away what one does not want is probably as familiar to the savage as to his civilized or semicivilized brother. That vivacious traveler, Père Huc, tells us he has seen a Tartar chief solemnly hand over to an underling a piece of gristle he found himself unable to masticate, and that the gift was received with every semblance of gratitude and delight. But there is a simple straightforwardness about an act like this which commends it to our souls. The Tartar did not veil his motives. He did not assume the gristle to be palatable. He did not expand with fine emotions when he parted from it. And he did not expect the heavens to smile upon his deed.

Agnes Repplier.

A Good Resolve.

THE PESSIMIST: What is the use of struggling. We are all destined to meet our Waterloo some day.

THE OPTIMIST: When I meet my Waterloo, my name is going to be Wellington.



LOVERS.

The Heart of Woman.



FAIR young wife asked her husband what he desired above all else for a Christmas present.

The husband, being an astute and cautious man, thought deeply.

What could he suggest which she would deem worthy of her bestowal, and which should yet be of a minimum cost? Inspiration came

"I would suggest," said the dressmaker, "a gown of aubergine velvet with café au lait lace and touches of vanilla satin. I should combine the 1830 and Directoire modes with an inclination toward the Mousquetaire. Here is a sweet model I have just brought over."

"Lovely!" cried the fair young wife. "Make me one just like it and send the bill to my husband."

"Of course not. Send the bill to my husband."

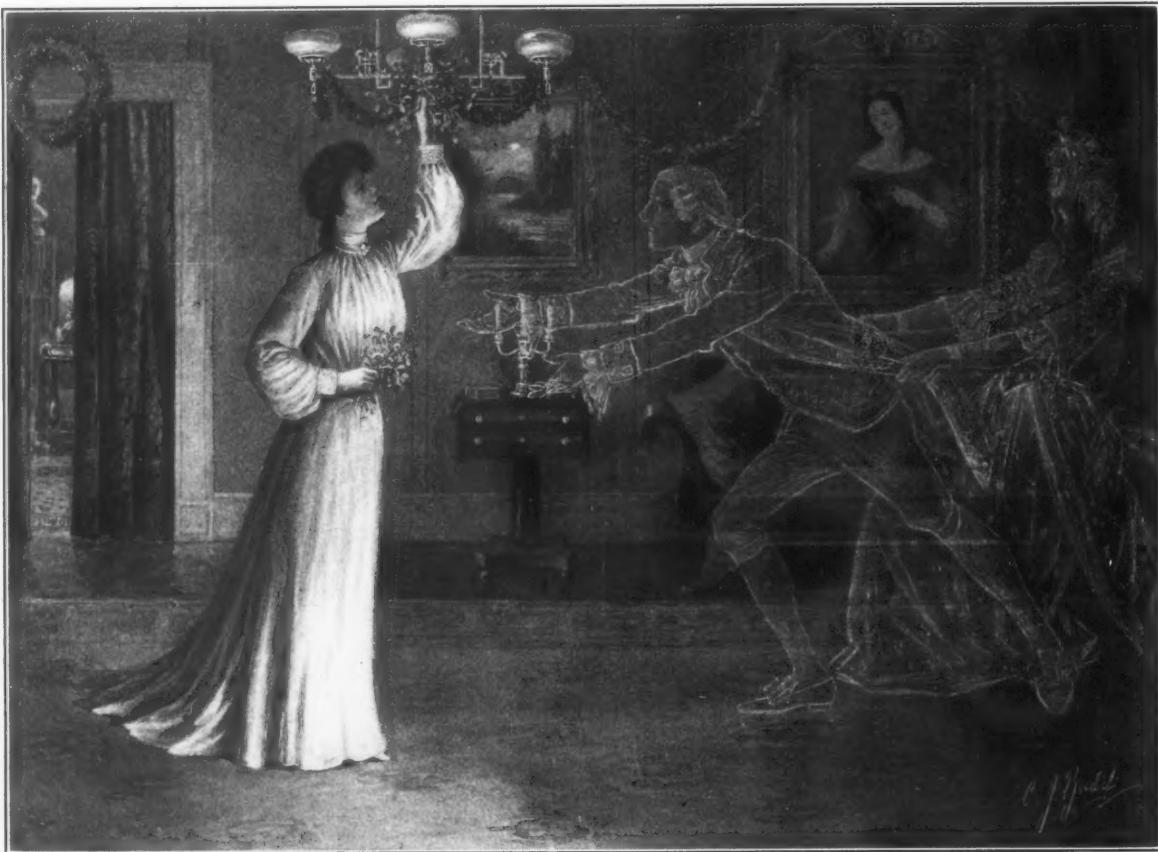
Then she went to a furrier.

"I want some picturesque-looking furs with one of the enormous muffs."

The furrier bowed. "This sable set is one of the best things we have. It is worth a king's ransom."

"That will do," murmured the wife. "Send the bill to my husband."

When she finally obtained an audi-



UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS.

"A new photograph of yourself, darling."

"Just the thing," replied the wife. "But please forget that you have suggested it, for I wish my gift to be a real surprise."

"No photograph can begin to portray your loveliness," he said fondly.

"This one shall," she replied with emphasis. Then she hastened to a great modiste and explained her errand.

She next sought her milliner. "I wish," she said, "a stunning picture hat in which to have my photograph taken."

"Here is a fascinating thing in the sunset-blend hues," responded the milliner. "It is made up in periwinkle, havana, and copper-tawny velvets on a Romney shape with the Gainsborough sweep. Ah—*h*! Madame is too beautiful for words in it. She cannot afford not to take it."

ence with the great portrait photographer, he was inclined to be a little difficult. "Of course," he said languidly, "there are only a few people I will take; but there is something in your face, a subtle hint of—an indefinable suggestion of—an er—er—Yes, I will take your photograph."

"Your price will not be over five hundred dollars?" she asked diffidently.

"For a dozen, no," he replied coldly.



CHRISTMAS EVE AT OUR POST.
GENERAL CORBIN SAYS THE ARMY IS BEING OVERMARRIED.

"Very well; make it two dozen, and—and send the bill to my husband."

Soon after the advent of the glad New Year, the husband sat in his office gazing admiringly at the new photograph in his watch and chuckling to himself over his successful ruse, when a sheaf of bills was brought to him.

As he opened one after another, he trembled with a strong emotion and his face grew ashen white.

"Fool!" he cried, beating his breast; "fool! And I thought myself clever! Had I known aught of the heart of woman, I should have begged her to buy me some little thing out of her allowance, and she would have purchased a solid gold inkstand set with rubies at the Ten-Cent store and presented it to me in a Tiffany box."

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

PERSONAL: Will the nice-looking old gentleman with white beard, who called himself Santa Claus, and whom I saw yesterday in a department store, meet me Christmas morning at 4 A. M. sharp, in my chimney corner? Address

WILLIE B., care of LIFE.

Early Rising.

EARLY rising has been generally extolled from time immemorial by the majority, and a few foolish ones have actually practised it.

When the first faint flush of dawn is beginning to tint the eastern sky, it is said to be a grand and glorious thing to get up out of bed and sally forth to see the sun rise and to drink in all that peculiar freshness of Nature that can only be enjoyed at this time of day. In order not to miss anything, one should walk to the brow of some distant hill two or three miles away, where a panorama of unsurpassed loveliness unfolds itself on every hand.

The feelings one has on this occasion are better imagined than described, which is an expression original with us—copyright applied for. This feeling lasts up to ten or eleven o'clock, when we begin to slow down a little, and are conscious that our knees are weaker than we ever knew. At noon we have a slight pain in the back of the neck. At two P. M. we lapse into a state of coma, and at five we feel as if our spine had been removed and all hope was lost.

We have tried several ways of rising early, but the one that appeals to us most is to get up about five in the morning, shut all the

blinds, and slip noiselessly and unremorselessly back into bed.



"WHAT ARRE YO' GOIN' TO DO, PAT?"

"SHURE, I'M GOIN' TO SWIM ASHORE AN' SAVE MESELF, AND THIN SWIM BACK AN' SAVE YOU."

The Home- Coming of Mother Goose.



HEY were nice geese, the Downs, a happy, well-spoken-of family. Of course, you will say: "But they're only geese, so why talk about them?"

Never you mind, smarty; there are geese and geese.

There was Grandmother Down, as nice an old lady as you ever saw—a comfortable, stout, lovable person who always wore caps. She was a bit short of head feathers, so she wore wigs. An ordinary wig for week-days and a quite gorgeous affair for Sundays. This one was invariably crowned with her best real-lace cap with the lavender ribbons. She had put it on to-night. It was a very special occasion. To begin with, her daughter-in-law was coming home, and for another thing, it was Christmas eve.

As fond as she was of the children—four of them—Ida Down, Tumble Down, and the twin babies, Goliath and Hannibal—the strain on the old lady had been great, as she had to look after them in the absence of their mother. Of course, there was Portia, the cook, who dressed the twins and gave them their baths in the pond, but she was rather a stupid goose, after all.

Ida and Tumble were a little greedy, and the old lady had frequently to plant her old yellow foot on the breakfast worm to save enough for the poor twins, or goodness knows how they would have gotten anything to eat at all. Mr. Down, the father, was away all day hunting, he said; but the old lady didn't swallow that! "More likely you were loafing at that good-for-nothing quill club, or getting in the way of automobiles. I'll warrant along with that idle crowd of those friends of yours! You'll toe the mark right enough when Mabel gets back—you're the kind of a gander that needs a little goosepecking to keep you

in trim! I tell you that flat-footed, my son!"

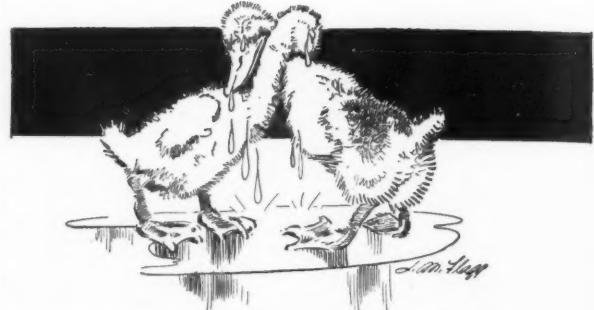
He waddled off into the dining-room with an independent hiss, and poured himself out two claws of Old Crow.

When the evening meal was over and the family had gathered in the library by the open fire, the postman's whistle was heard in the yard, and Ida went to the door. She brought back a letter. "It's for you, dad!" she said. "From mother, I think; it looks like her claw."

Mr. Down was really very fond of his wife, and had been quite unlike himself since she went away a month or more ago. He broke the envelope and eagerly read: "My Dearest Husband: When you get this I shall already be on my way to you. It is more than thirty days and nights since I left you all, and you may believe I shall be glad to get back and see my little family once more. I have added flesh since I have been away. They were very kind to me, and I have been living on the fat of the land, old chap; so you may not have room for me.

"You will laugh, as I have, when I tell you about a foolish dream I have had for three nights running, now—all about sage and onions. Did you ever hear of such silliness? It haunted me for some unknown reason, but, of course, it's rubbish. Put a lamp in the window as a welcome to me, and about eight o'clock I will be home for Christmas. "Your loving wife,
"Mabel."

The children were frantic with delight at the



news of mother's return, and grandmother and the father were no less delighted. A lamp was put on the window-sill and the shade pulled up. It was snowing. Ida and Tumble got out their stockings, and the twin goslings scampered about madly, trying to find their little socks.

"Oh, I wish I was a stork!" cried Tumble.

"For the land's sake, why?" asked his father.

"Think of what a long stocking I would have!" said the youth, and they all laughed and busied themselves in the preparation for Santa Claus and their mother.

When the stockings were hung by the fireplace, they all sat watching the minute-hand creep slowly up as it neared eight o'clock, and as the clock began striking a knock was heard on



"A huge hand came down."



A COQUETTE'S CHRISTMAS DREAM.

the door, and the children flew to let their mother in.

It was Mother Goose beaming all over and hugging her children to her snowy breast. "It's Christmas eve, and I'm home again!" said the happy goose, as the little twins snuggled up to her. "Close the door, Tumble," said Mr. Goose, smiling fondly at his good wife. "Don't you see how the snow is coming in?"

It was too late. As Tumble tried to close it a huge hand came down—a clutching hand—into the warm room, and seizing Mother Goose around her soft white neck, lifted her out of the house back into the snowy night, and a faint odor of sage and onions came down the chimney.

James Montgomery Flagg.

False Alarm.

THE opera season was at its height. Lady Millicent, carefully adjusting her tiara, had entered the third box on the lower tier.

The manager was in his counting-house counting out his money.

The Prima Donna was in her dressing-room eating throat tablets.

Everybody was waiting for the curtain to rise, when they could talk louder.

Lady Millicent still had on her opera cloak. She had a bosom full of diamonds, that she was determined to spring on the audience.

For a moment she hesitated, and then, throwing aside her cloak, faced the stage.

A cry of "Fire!" rang out immediately. Blinded by the intense glare, several people became panic-stricken.

It took only three minutes for the engines to arrive.

The chief of the fire department directed the hose to be turned on Lady Millicent at once.

Covering her with a tarpaulin, she was then removed to her home.

"Never again," said Lady Millicent,

mournfully, "will I make such a display."





LIFE



RIT OF THE DAY.

"Aperto Vivere Voto."

GODS! give me these:
A friend to love;
A mistress to be worthy of;
Three or four books of stalwart verse,
Austere and terse;
Sufficient food to mend my body;
A pipe, a fuming glass of toddy!
Gods! give me these, and I will write
An "Ode to Duty" every night.

Lee Wilson Dodd.

A Question of Health.

TWO healthy men talked.
"I attribute my condition," said the first healthy man, "entirely to my manner of life. I rise at six every morning, take a cold bath—"

"A cold bath!" exclaimed the second healthy man. "Ugh! It makes me shudder."

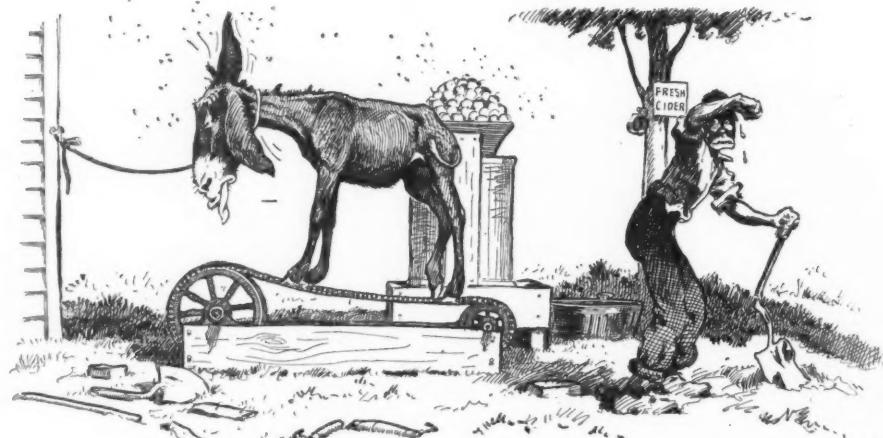
"Yes, sir," repeated the first healthy man. "A cold bath—just as the water runs, mind you—and then a light breakfast of milk and toast. After breakfast I walk five miles in very light clothes; in fact, I never wear an overcoat all winter. For dinner I eat a chop, and after dinner another walk of five miles. In the evening I have a plain supper and am in bed by ten. I don't drink and don't smoke."

"Well," said the second healthy man, "that wouldn't suit me at all. I lie abed as long as I can in the morning. Then I get up, dress in a warm room, so as to be thoroughly comfortable, eat a hearty breakfast of buckwheat cakes, fishballs and coffee, and ride to business—for I never walk or take any exercise if I can help it. At noon I eat a big luncheon, and at night I get outside of a six-course dinner. I smoke ten cigars a day and drink what I please."

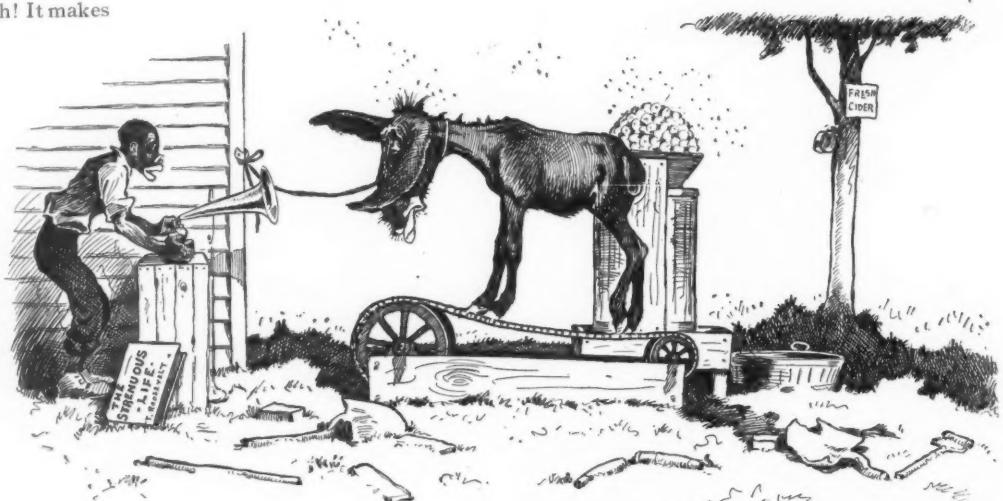
The first healthy man looked at him in amazement.

"How, then," he exclaimed, "do you account for the fact that we are both so blamed healthy?"

"It must be," said the second healthy man, as he lighted another cigar,



"BEATIN' DON' MAKE DAT MULE WORK. I GOTTER TRY MORAL PERSUASION."



"DON' LET ME INTERRUPT YO' NAP, SERAPHINA. DIS ONLY A OLE PHONOGRAFT I BEEN A-READIN' INTO FROM DIS FOOL CAMPAIGN BOOK, JES' TO AMUSE MYSE'F."

"because each of us does what he pleases, in spite of the other."

Addison Fox, Jr.

A Compromise.

MIRANDA: No, Fred, I won't take the armchair; you take it.

FRED: Er—suppose we both take it.

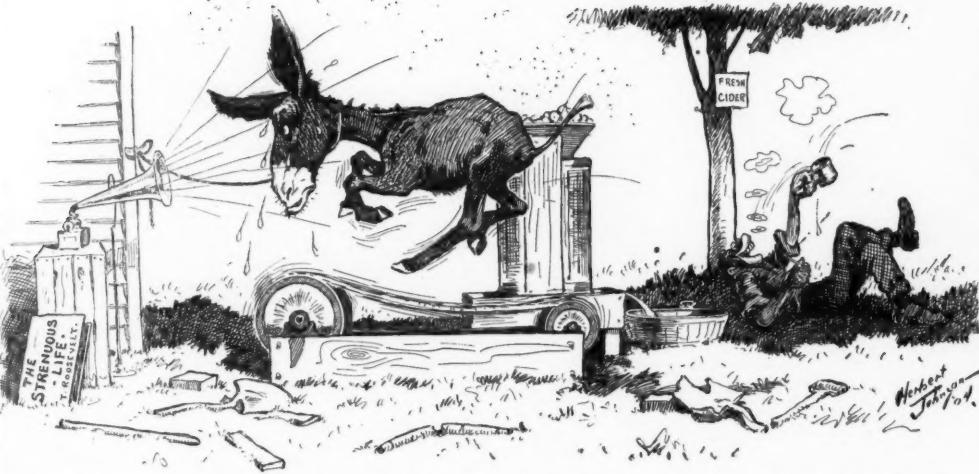
At the Literary Tea.

MISS SAPPHO: And you haven't said a word about my poem in "The Upper Ten"?

MR. CHOLLY: Aw, beg you' pawdon—gweat, you know—weakly, Miss Sappho, I didn't think you could wise to such a—aw!—depth of pwofundity.



XMAS GREENS.



"KI! DID IT 'STURB YOU, SERAPHINA? DAT AM A MIGHTY CONVINCIN' BOOK, FOR SHO', I HOPE DE REFORMATION AM PERMANENT, SERAPHINA."

Sonnets of Schooldays.

SONNET OF THE FORGIVENESS.

SEE duz nott speke too me butt passes bi with hotty looks ann angur inn hur eye, shee wil nott rede mi noats to hur ann wenn i sendh flours shee sendhs um back agen, i tride too speke too hur lass nite butt shee past coaldly bi uz iff shee didd not sea, ann henny beamus sez he hurd hur sayime nuthen butt a worty littul jay. o luv u are thee swete kreem uv ann our butt o how badd u taist wenn u turn sour. wenn henny tolled mee thatt u kood uv nockt Mee over with a fether ime so shockt ann hurrt too think thatt sucha gurl uz shee cood say itt ann foargett wott yoostoobee, foargett thee daze wenn shee ann i were yung thee menny menny times wee stood ann sung inn singen skool. thee munney thatt i spentn too bi hur kanndy ann thee times we wennt too dansen partees. o a littul hait like a bigg sponge wipes luv kleen off thee slait. butt ilo foargiv hur wich is like thee roze thatt trize too blossom underneeth thee snoze, ann sunday wenn ime dyen far away frum hoam ann frends sheel kum too mee ann say shee didd not understand wott a bigg hart i hadd in mee. its offle hard too part too see hur evry day ann passen bi with hotty looks ann angur inn hur eye butt eaven iff shee cawled mee thatt, uno i wil foargiv hur, foar i luvd hur so.

J. W. Foley.

FIRST LITTLE GIRL (*scornfully*): We have ancestors.

SECOND LITTLE GIRL: Well, so will I, some day!

Diary of a Silk Waist.

MONDAY.

MY, but I'm tired! Been on duty all the afternoon. Some sort of a tea. I brushed up against more gushing idiots than I have seen before in all my life. But then I'm brand new at the business.

TUESDAY.

Went to the matinée to-day. Some one who sat behind me said, "Isn't it fierce?" and I couldn't make out whether she meant me or the play. I only know that I was glad to get home and be hung up.

WEDNESDAY.

Off day. I slept for twenty-four hours on a hook.

THURSDAY.

I've just been to a literary afternoon and all the shine has been taken out of me. I don't know how it happened, but there's a slight spot on my back, and every woman there saw it. I heard them talking to themselves. I see my finish if this keeps up.

FRIDAY.

Took a gasoline dip to-day, and feel better. Wonder what will happen to-night. I've been out in the air most of the day and am hungry for an adventure.

SATURDAY.

Last night I was made love to. He was awfully nice. I got as close to him as I could, but not as close as I

wanted to. He's coming again to-night.

SUNDAY.

He has held me in his arms all the evening. Oh, what bliss! I never felt so rumpled in my whole life, but it's worth it in a cause like this. I saw him kissing my owner, but that was only a bluff. For I feel quite certain that I am the one he really loves.

Occupied.

C LARA: Did he propose to you before or after he kissed you?

MAUD: I can't tell. During the excitement I forgot all the details.

It Depended.

THE MISTRESS: What is your name?

COOK: Mrs. Jenkins.

"Do you expect to be called Mrs. Jenkins?"

"Oh, no, ma'am, not if you have an alarm clock."



INFORMATION WANTED.

"SAY, BOSS, IT'S BEEN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS SINCE I HAD A GOOD SQUARE MEAL."

"GREAT SCOTT! HOW DID YOU GET IT?"



"AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS."

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From "Queen Zixi of Ix."

Nicholas has ever printed, and the illustrations by Fred Richardson are going to be called the best fairy pictures ever seen. But this is only one of the great number of attractions in St. Nicholas for 1905.

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IT is fond affection that prompts a young woman to work a dainty silk tobacco pouch for a young man, and to embroider it with his monogram wreathed in unrecognizable flowers.

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But it is pure, triple-extract love that induces the young

man to carry the tobacco pouch with him and fill his pipe from it in the presence of his friends and acquaintances.

His Suspicions.

THE little son of the airship promoter looks dolefully into his empty stocking on Christmas morning.

"I'll bet," he mutters to himself, remembering certain business conversations he has overheard, "that pa has managed to work Santa Claus into putting his money into one of those blamed non-flying airships."



THE GENTLEMAN OF JAPAN WHO STAYED AT HOME.

LIFE.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK



WHAT BETTER CHRISTMAS GIFT THAN A
WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK?

IT WILL AFFORD MONTHS OF COMFORT AND PLEASURE
AND BE A DAILY REMINDER OF THE GIVER.



BEWARE "CRAW CRAW."

[The Chicago City Health Department has issued the following warning as a safeguard against "craw craw," the new osculatory disease: "Don't kiss any one. Get vaccinated. Keep the lips perfectly clean. Before kissing wash the lips with a solution of boracic acid."]

When you would seek a lovely miss,
Upon the wings of passion,
Remember unhygienic kiss-
Es are no more in fashion.

In places where you little reck
Is the bacillus crass hid,
So fill your flasks up to the neck
With safe boracic acid.

And though she would the favor grant
That means your exaltation,
Before you sip just make an ant-
Septic application.

Ah, tortuous is Cupid's course
In these days of much science;
And those who'd not feel dire remorse
Won't set germs at defiance.

Still, when young souls in parlor woo
With gas turned low and glareless,
Ah, sad it is, but it is true,
They're likely to be careless.

—Indianapolis News.

LOVING HUSBAND: I don't see why you complain. Jones spends the best part of his life at the club every day.

FOND WIFE: Nonsense. He is only there for one hour of an evening.

LOVING HUSBAND (sighing): Well, that hour is the best part of his life, anyhow.—*London Tit-Bits*.



SAID THE ARCTIC EXPLORER: "I KNOW
THAT IT MAY SEEM PECULIAR TO GO
TO THE POLE DRESSED IN LACE;
BUT IT'S NOT OUT OF PLACE,
FOR IT MATCHES THE TINT OF THE SNOW."

APPRECIATION.

To read them o'er I love to pause,
Those poems in the magazine.
They really soothe me more because
I never know just what they mean.
—*Washington Star*.

BILL NYE'S COW.

"One of Bill Nye's old stories has been going the rounds of late," said a man who admired the late humorist, "and it is, in my judgment, one of the cleverest bits of wit circulated in connection with Nye's life. Nye owned a cow which he wanted to sell, and put an advertisement in the paper which read like this: 'Owing to ill health, I will sell at my residence, in township 19, range 18, according to the government survey, one plush raspberry cow, aged eight years. She is of undoubted courage and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her present home with a stay chain, but she will be sold to any one who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double-barrel shotgun, which goes with her. In May she usually goes away for a week or two and returns with a tall red calf with wobbly legs. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell her to a non-resident. Did he sell the cow? Oh, I don't know about that. I'm just telling you about the advertisement; that's all.'—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

HICKS: I understand that you have had a telephone put in your house. Mrs. Wicks must find it a great convenience.

WICKS: Yes; but she doesn't like it half as well as she thought she would. You see, when she is using it she has to listen half the time.—*Somerville Journal*.

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Gibson Calendar
1905*

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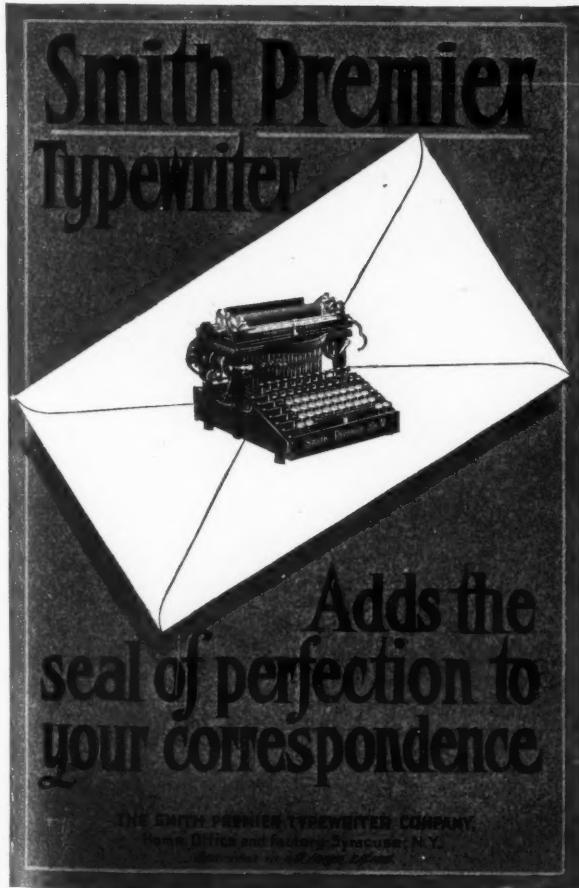
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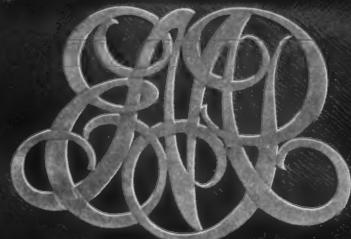
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Afraid of the Wet.

THE crew of a certain life-saving station on the New England coast has many times proved itself brave and efficient in time of need, but of late its skill and bravery have been useless, like so much treasure locked in a vault. There has been no wreck. The sea has been kind as a big dog.

Inaction had inevitably bred soft habits of life, and the idle crew had given the summer visitors much to joke about. Their satirical comments were rather ungrateful, for the practice drills of the crew were a part of the entertainment of the seaside resort.

Twice a week the crew pulled out the brass cannon, shot a rope over a dummy mast which is set up on a point of land, and then practised sliding down in the breeches buoy. The small boys of the place were glad to play the part of rescued mariners, and altogether this serious drill, required by law, was a pretty holiday sport.

One rainy day, at the appointed time, the crew failed to appear at practice. The summer boarders on the hotel veranda waited in vain for the exhibition which should vary the monotony of a dull day. Finally, one of them went over to the quarters of the crew to learn the reason.

"I say, aren't you going to practise to-day?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"Then the brave life-saver, hero of many rough seas, made an explanatory gesture toward the weather and said:

"What, in this rain?"—*Youth's Companion*.

He Took It Back.

IN a certain town of western Massachusetts two of the most prominent citizens are a Methodist brother and a Presbyterian brother. These are neighbors, and, for the most part, dwell on good terms, except when they try to effect an exchange of horses or to talk religion.

On one occasion the two had traded horses, and although the outcome rankled in the breast of the Methodist, they had met and started a discussion on the subject of predestination. As usual, an altercation ensued, when the Methodist lost control of himself. With mixed emotions concerning horse trades and John Calvin in his mind, he suddenly exclaimed:

"You're a robber, a liar, and a Presbyterian!"

This proved too much for the Presbyterian, and a fight began, in which the Presbyterian got the best of it. As he sat upon his prostrate opponent, bumping his head against the ground, he said:

"Take it back, take it back, or I'll bump your foolish head off!"

"I'll take it back," gasped the vanquished Methodist, "on the first two counts; you're not a robber nor a liar, but you're a blamed old Presbyterian if I die for it!"—*Harper's Weekly*.

Broke It Gently.

FOLLOWING is an instance of New England phlegm:

A raw-boned youth came in from the barn, took his customary seat at the kitchen breakfast-table, and commenced eating voraciously, without once looking up or around at the mother and sisters who poured his coffee and patiently turned "flapjacks" on the griddle. At length, having literally shovelled seven or eight of the huge cakes into himself, he drawled:

"Gre't doin's down to the barn this mornin'. Dad's done hung hisself."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Mixed Types.

SOME years ago the editor of a down-East newspaper undertook to compliment an eminent citizen as "a noble old burgher, proudly loving his native State;" but the neatly-turned compliment came from the compositor's hands, "a nobby old burglar, prowling round in a naked state." This was as perverse and shocking as the blunder in the message Ernest Renan had occasion to telegraph across the English Channel on the subject of a proposed lecture by him in Westminster Abbey. The subject, as written by him, was "The Influence of Rome on the Formation of Christianity." It was announced in England as "The Influence of Rum on the Digestion of Humanity!"—*Saturday Evening Post*.

HE: My, but Mr. Flaxyman is stingy.

HE: I should say so. Why, he wouldn't laugh at a joke unless it was at somebody else's expense.—*Exchange*.

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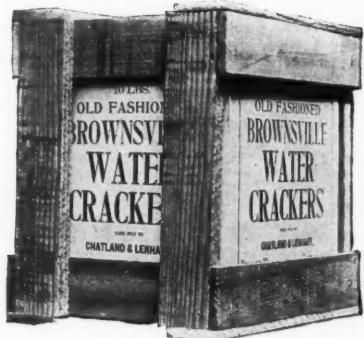
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THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Dept. 79, Chicago.

Real Conversations about the Ten-Year Marriage.

I—AT A SUBURBAN BREAKFAST TABLE.

WIFE: Don't let your fish get cold, dearest. You can read the paper in the train, you know.

HUSBAND: All right, dear. I wonder whether anything will come of all this correspondence about marriage.

"Oh, are they still going on with that? Of course, nothing will come of it."

"I'm not so sure. May I have some more coffee, darling?"

"Pass up your father's cup, Madge. I think the whole thing's too ridiculous for words. Just as though any woman would consent to be married for seven or ten years, and then be left to look after herself."

"You don't quite understand the matter, dearest. The husband, you see, would make some provision for the wife and the children."

"I should think he would, indeed! Besides, how could the wife be certain of that?"

"Well, the law would insist on it."

"And suppose the separation broke the woman's heart? Would the law mend it?"

"The separation, I suppose, would be by mutual consent as far as possible. In any case, hearts—"

"Rubbish! If the man wanted to go, he'd just go. The whole arrangement would be for the benefit of the man. Trust him to take care

of that! You've spilt something on your pinafore, Madge, dear."

"I'd no idea you felt so strongly about it. You ought to write to the paper and put the matter from the point of view of the wife."

"We won't discuss the question any further, if you don't mind. It's hardly an edifying conversation for Madge, especially when her father makes it so evident that—" [Rises abruptly.]

"What's the matter, darling? Don't be silly. I was only joking." [Rises.]

"You've only got ten minutes to get to the station. Get your father's hat and coat, Madge."

"I shan't go till you say you forgive me."

"Of course I do, you dear old boy." [They kiss.]

II—IN A MEN'S CLUB.

YOUNG BACHELOR: I must say, I think that when a man marries a woman he ought to be prepared to live with her all his life.

OLD BACHELOR: Quite right. Serves him right for being such a fool as to marry her.

YOUNG BACHELOR: Oh, I didn't mean that. I don't look at marriage from the cynic's point of view.

OLD BACHELOR: That means you're in love, I suppose. Every young man is either head over heels in love or a misogynist.

YOUNG BACHELOR: As long as I don't develop into a crusty, selfish old beast like you—

MARRIED MAN: Now, then, what are you two fellows quarreling about?

OLD BACHELOR: We're not quarreling. We're merely congratulating ourselves and pitying you.

YOUNG BACHELOR: We were discussing George Meredith's views on marriage.

MARRIED MAN: But neither of you knows anything whatever about the subject.

OLD BACHELOR: Don't we, though! You forget, my dear friend, that on-lookers see most of the game. In my opinion, no married man should be allowed a voice in this discussion at all. He's sure to be prejudiced. If he signs his letter in the paper, he defends matrimony; if he doesn't sign it, no expression of condemnation is too strong for him. Bah!

MARRIED MAN: The amount of heat that you display makes me suspicious. I believe that, if you could have your time over again, you'd get married like a shot.

YOUNG BACHELOR: So do I.

OLD BACHELOR: You're a couple of fools. What'd you want to come disturbing me just after my lunch for? I might as well be a married man with a large family.

MARRIED MAN: Well, I'll leave you to your cigar and your indigestion. Personally, I haven't time for such luxuries.

OLD BACHELOR: There he goes, boy. Take warning.

YOUNG BACHELOR: By you?—Keble Howard in *London Daily Mail*.

Gold Medal Reginas as Christmas Presents

The ordinary Christmas present gives pleasure on Christmas day and perhaps for a few days after. Some presents last longer than others, but a Regina is one of the very few presents which gives pleasure for years and every day in the year.

Music appeals to every one. Some like one kind of music; some another.

One of the beauties of the Regina is that it is able to furnish any kind of music at any time.

Your mother, wife, or daughter will appreciate a Christmas present so beautifully expressed as in the form of a Regina.

Its sweetness will bring a charm into your home—in the living room, in the sick room, in the nursery.

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Phrasing Lever



THE Phrasing Lever has happily been called "The Heart of the ANGELUS." It seems almost literally to imbue this wonderful instrument with life. The Phrasing Lever gives *you* just as little or just as much life, shading, phrasing, individual expression or personal sympathy as you want, be your music classic or popular, sacred or operatic.

Yes, you can play without touching the Phrasing Lever, and still

Only an ANGELUS will satisfy you for only The ANGELUS has the Phrasing Lever

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ESTABLISHED
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play one note after another in exactly the proper time, use loud or soft pedal, and even accent any certain notes or passages. You can do all of this without The Phrasing Lever but it will leave you cold and unmoved.

But then begin using The Phrasing Lever, and it will completely transfigure your playing, interpret instantly your mood and feeling—your very thoughts and fancies. Then



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Bolero in
Ermine and
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37 Union Square
WEST

Unabashed.

PHENIE was the last of nine cooks with whom Mrs. Blank had had to deal in less than four months, and the portly, good-natured African's abilities were such that her mistress hoped that her tribulations in regard to "kitchen help" were at an end; but by the time two weeks had passed Mrs. Blank began to miss articles of wearing apparel and small personal trinkets. This continued until Mrs. Blank felt justified in making an investigation of Phenie's room, where she found a number of the missing articles, and the sad necessity of "dealing" with Phenie was forced upon her mistress. Descending to the kitchen, she said:

"Phenie, you know that you have heard me say that a number of my things had come up missing of late?"

"Yes-um," said Phenie placidly.

"And you heard me say that it might be that the laundress who comes by the day took them?"

"So she might, missus."

"She did not, Phenie. I have just found six of the missing handkerchiefs in your room."

"You don't say!"

"I do say it, Phenie. And I found my gold bracelet and a pair of my combs in your room."

"Is dat so? Well, well!"

"And my lace fan was in your trunk."

"Huh! Yu shuah it was?"

"I guess I know my own fan when it has my monogram on the handle. Come now, Phenie, you may as well confess that you took the things. And you a member of the church, too! And you went to communion yesterday, didn't you?"

"Ob co'se I did!"

"Why, Phenie, how could you go to communion when you knew that you had taken those things of mine?"

"Laws, missus! yo' sho'ly didn't reckon I was goin' to let an old lace fan an' a few handkerchers an' a ole gold bracelet keep me away fom de Lawd's table? 'Deed I isn't dat weak a Christian—no, ma'am! Hit'll tek more'n a few little ole trinkets like dat ter keep dis chile erway fom de Lawd's table!"—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

MRS. WISE: I had to dismiss my new housemaid after keeping her only two days.

MRS. OTHERWISE: Why, what was the matter?

"I came home unexpectedly yesterday afternoon, and found her scrubbing the kitchen floor with Tom's military hair brushes!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

SHÉ: Did you ever take your automobile apart to see how it worked?
HE: Well, not exactly. I have taken it apart to see how it didn't work.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

IN the schools of a Connecticut town measures were recently taken to test the children's eyesight. As the doctor finished each school he gave the principal a list of the pupils whose eyes needed attention, and requested him to notify the children's parents to that effect.

One night, soon after the opening of the fall term, a little boy came home and gave his father the following note duly signed by the principal:

"Mr. _____: Dear Sir—It becomes my duty to inform you that your son shows decided indications of astigmatism, and his case is one that should be attended to without delay."

The next day the father sent the following answer:

"Dear Sir: Whip it out of him. Yours truly, _____."

—*Baltimore Herald*.

WE have been asked if marriage is a failure. We have not found it so. We don't know what our better-half thinks of it. Our opinion is that only when a man marries a sealskin woman on a coonskin income does he find marriage a failure.—*Hardeman Free Press*.

TESS: Miss Skinnay says she just hates to go to the opera.

JESS: What she means is that she can't "bare" to go to the opera.—*Philadelphia Press*.



Saves

5 / 6

HYLO

HYLO Electric Lamps mean luxury with economy—Save 5/6 turned down. Fit any electric fixture. No skill, no tools required to install the HYLO. Looks like a common electric bulb, but by a slight turn of the bulb, or by pulling a cord, you change it from candle power to 1 candle power. With ordinary electric bulb you pay for full 1 candle power, but 1 candle power would be more appropriate and pleasant. The economy is apparent.

In halls, in bedrooms, in sick rooms, full light is extravagant and uncomfortable—total darkness, dangerous and inconvenient. Then think of the luxury. After the hard work of the day to sit in the library, or music room, with a soft, subdued light, to think, to enjoy restfulness. Isn't the HYLO your necessity?

HYLO Electric Lamps made in many styles and candle-power combinations. Sold everywhere by electricians and department stores.

FRAUD. If the name "HYLO" is not inside the bulb, it is not the genuine. Send for free Catalogue and "How to Read Your Meter."

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of a Government Bond for \$10,000 would please your wife, wouldn't it? It would please you, too, to be able to give it—but perhaps you can't.

You can, however—if you are in good health—make an investment that will give your wife—in the event of your death—an absolutely safe Gold Bond bearing 5% interest. Or the Bond will become your property in fifteen or twenty years if you live.

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Three Women and Bohemia.

THREE women knocked timidly at the Gate of Bohemia. Two of them were beautiful. One was known as "Clever." The Gatekeeper, whose name was Censor, quickly appeared. "Thy Passports!" he said coldly. The beauties unveiled their faces. "Pass in," said Censor. The Clever one showed him the laurel she had won. "Enter," said he, more kindly. Whereafter he closed the Gate. Time whirled for a year, and in Bohemia reigned both Laughter and Tears.

Three women walking abreast wished to make their exit from Bohemia. The Gatekeeper appeared.

Into their faces he looked searchingly, for no one leaves, even as no one enters, his territory unless he knows whence came they or whither they are going.

"Thy face I know," he said to the first woman, "and yet I place thee not. Thy name?"

"My name is—Impulse," said she, hanging her head in very shame.

"And thou hast come to grief," he murmured pityingly.

"Aye," moaned Impulse. "I have come to bitter grief." Silently she passed out, and walked downward towards the Valley of Pain.

"Thy face as well I know, yet name thee cannot I," he said to her who came next.

The white face, beautiful no longer, looked wistfully into his:

"My name is—Vanity."

"Poor child! and Flattery has been thy ruin?"

The woman shook her head dejectedly.

Censor looked in silence at her.

"Did no one warn thee of this oily Knave?" asked he.

"Experience did. Not once, but many times. Also, 'Keep far from Bohemia,' she said, 'tis not safe for thee.' I would not heed."

Sadly, she, too, passed out, and, as the first, went down towards the Valley of Pain with lowered head and gait of one grown old.

Then turned the old Gatekeeper to the last of the three who wished to leave.

"Oh, I know thee!" he cried. "Thy name is—Cleverness."

"Nay," she protested, "that is but a name man-given. Industry is my rightful name."

"And how," asked the Keeper, "has Bohemia treated thee?"

"Well!" cried the woman. "Always have men acted towards me as real men should. Burdens too heavy for woman's strength have they helped me bear right manfully."

"Hast thou met Laughter?"

"Aye, and her sister, Tears, and both I liked full well. Tears, though sad, oft comforted, and Laughter made tedious work seem play."

"But Flattery?"

"Upon his face I shut my door," laughed Industry.

"And—Bacchus, Bohemia's famous God?"

"None of his vintages have touched my lips. I kept brain-clear."

"And Love?" whispered Censor.

The woman blushed right rosily.

"For Love's dear sake I get me hence—he bids me leave Bohemia, and from thence I go—forever."

As she spoke a majestic form emerged from a sheltered place near the Gate. It was Experience.

"Thou hast heeded my warnings, and so has come to thee, even as I said, both Fame and Love. Thou art well called—Cleverness."

The Gatekeeper opened the gate, and Industry, with eyes alight, also passed out.—*Minna Thomas Antrim in Lippincott's Magazine*.

"I WAS watching the bulletins, when my attention was attracted to two youngsters who were squared off at each other in Queensberry style. While I watched they rolled into the gutter, scratching like cats.

"I separated the belligerents. Then they turned on me. 'Hey, mister, what yer doin'?' yelled one. 'Can't two friends fight without somebody buttin' in?' I permitted the fight to go on."—*Washington Post*.

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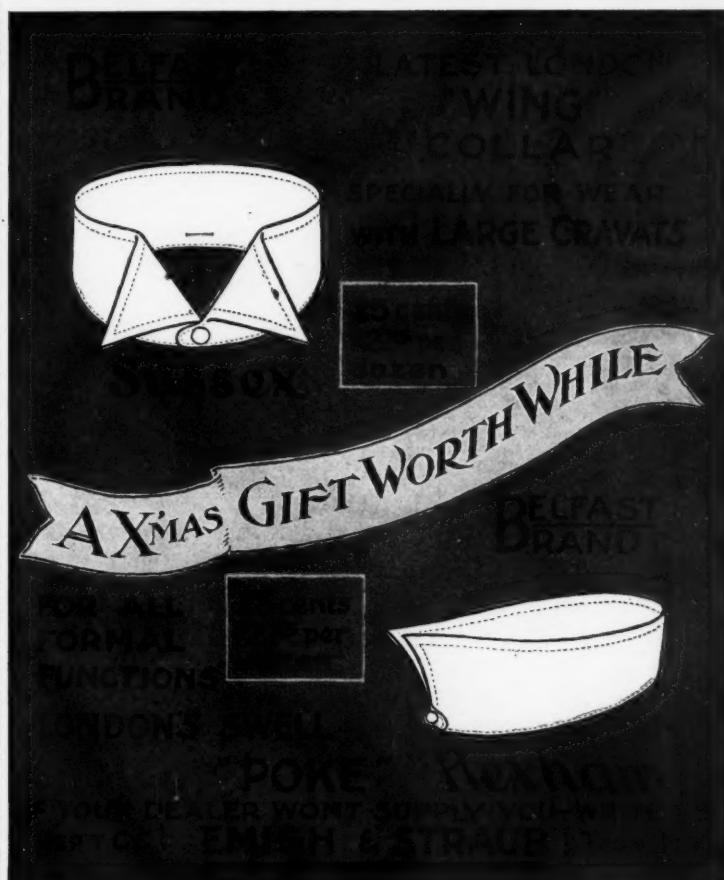
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Each Bond bears interest, payable semi-annually in gold coin, in accordance with forty coupons thereto attached.

If the insured die while the contract is in force, the Company will thereupon deliver all of said 20 Bonds not already delivered.

Suppose you buy twenty \$1,000 Bonds, you receive a Bond each year and are insured for twenty years.

The total guarantee on these Bonds are:

1. Twenty Years' Insurance.	\$20,000 00
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Total Cash Guaranteed, - - - \$34,000 00



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The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, N.Y.
Gentlemen—I should be glad to receive without in any way committing myself information regarding cost of The Mutual's Yearly Bond Contract.

Age.....
Occupation.....
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Address.....

No Words Wasted.

NORA was a treasure of a servant, whose habit of speech was often indirect, but was frequently picturesque and unexpectedly expressive. One evening "the Master" was sitting in the library when the door-bell rang. Nora answered it, and on her return through the hall "the Master" inquired who it was.

"It was a young man, sor," replied Nora.

"Well, what did he want?" was the question.

"Oh, he was just lookin' for the wrong number, sor."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Faithful.

REPRESENTATIVE FITZGERALD, of Boston, has a story of an Irish couple in that city who, despite a comparatively happy married life, were wont to have violent misunderstandings. Nevertheless, the pair were devoted to each other, and when the husband died not long ago the widow was inconsolable.

Shortly after the funeral a friend who had dropped in to see how Mrs. Milligan was getting on, chanced to remark:

"Well, there's one blessing, Maggie, for they do say that poor Mike died happy."

"Indade he did," responded the widow. "The dear lad! The last thing he done was to crack me over the head wid a medicine-bottle."—*Harper's Weekly*.

WE from California call him "our own Ben Teal." Teal had been stage manager for the Weber and Field people for many years, and it was to his rare taste and splendid ability that many of the Weber-Field successes were due. Teal resigned from the house just about ten days before the opening.

The following letters, which passed between Weber and Ziegfeld and Mr. Teal are self-explanatory:

Teal wrote this letter to the theatrical men:

"Dear Sirs: A newspaper friend of mine called my attention to the fact that my name is left out of your advertisements. I herewith tender my resignation, unless proper explanation can be made.

"I feel that it is not only humiliating, but belittling, and unless explanation is promptly made my resignation is to take place immediately.

"Yours, etc., Ben Teal."

The following is the answer Mr. Teal found in his letter-box:

"Mr. Ben Teal—Dear Sir: Your resignation is accepted.

"Very respectfully,

"WEBER AND ZIEGFELD."

—*San Francisco Wasp*.

RURAL ADORER (*bashfully*): You didn't go to Millie Meadow's party. Don't you like kissin' games?

PRETTY MAID: No, I don't.

RURAL ADORER (*weakly*): Why don't you?

PRETTY MAID (*encouragingly*): 'Cause there's so many lookin' on.—*New York Weekly*.

"POP!"

"Yes, my son."

"What's the difference between a public servant and any other kind?"

"Why, the public servant tries to hold his job longer than the other kind, my son."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

HIM: Yes, he's an artist, a musician, and a poet.

HER: Poor fellow! I had no idea poverty had such a hold on him.—*Chicago Daily News*.

KICKER: So the Newriches are getting culture?

BOCKER: Yes, they have learned to speak of a house beautiful instead of a beautiful house.—*New York Sun*.

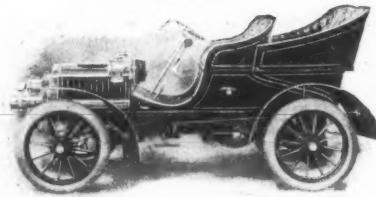
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Every available ounce of power developed by the 4-cylinder motor is nursed upon ball bearings, and is transmitted to the high speed through a bevel gear direct drive.

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The perfect control of the motor without removing the hands from the steering wheel, the noiselessness of the transmission, both in shifting and in operation, the smooth action of the clutch and the faultless ignition system are all exclusive Packard features.

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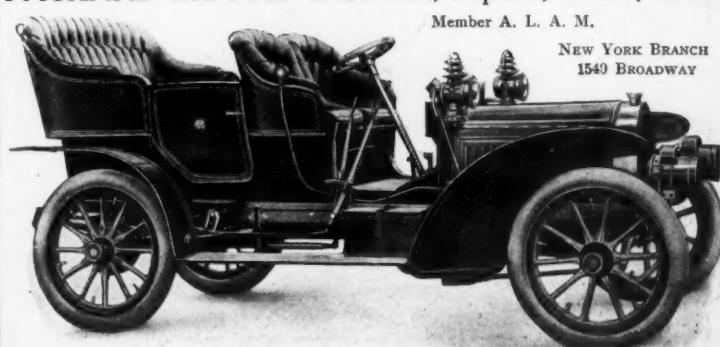
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The entire display of sleighs comprises a part of the comprehensive collection of vehicles which are shown at our repositories, together with Studebaker harness and every accessory for equipage and stable.



The 1905 Studebaker Electric Victoria-Phaeton and the improved 2 and 4-cylinder Gasoline Touring Car will soon be ready for inspection.

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FACTORY AND EXECUTIVE OFFICES: SOUTH BEND, IND.

In Storage Again.

THE storage man hopped off his van and opened the warehouse door; He stowed away one Bitter Fray, one Let-the-Eagle-Soar, One lot of Planks, ten Serried Ranks, one Stainless Honor's Wreath, One Roorless Roorback and a Box of Hurl It in Your Teeth; He stored a score of Open Door, a gross of Solid South, And May My Tongue Then Cleave Unto the Roof-tree of My Mouth.

Across the planks with jangling clangs he flung some Labor's Chains; He tossed beside a Point with Pride a Last Drop in My Veins; The Nation's Hope he tied with rope and bore within his arms To where there loomed a mournful lot of Viewing with Alarms: A choice array of Despot's Sway and Here We Take Our Stands He wrapped in rolls of Noble Souls and Honest Horny Hands.

With joyous grin he carried in The Precepts We Pursue, The Money Kings, and Grafting Rings, and Common Peepul, too; One Standing Firm, a But-One Term, the Records of the Past, And put them in the corner with Our Flag's Nailed to the Mast. With hands ungloved he pushed and shoved a gross of Campaign Lies, Together with some point and pith about Our Country's Size.

When he had stowed away the load he shut the warehouse door And muttered, "Whoo! I'm glad we're through with Nineteen Hundred Four!

This campaign stuff is good enough, but it is getting worn—I noticed that the Nail the Lie was tattered some, and torn; But, anyhow, it's over now, and they've been put away Until, perplexed, we view the next approaching voting day."

—W. D. Nesbit in *Chicago Tribune*.

"A La Chasseur."

YOUNG Mrs. Vinton looked over the fence that separates her back yard from Mrs. Hardy's, and her pretty face was troubled, says the *Chicago News*.

"Mrs. Hardy!" she called, softly.

"Yes. What is it?" and Mrs. Hardy's matronly figure appeared in her kitchen door.

"I'm so sorry to trouble you," Mrs. Vinton went on, "but will you tell me some good way to cook clay pigeons? Jimmy has just sent me word that he is going out to shoot some. He's bound to bring a lot home, and I haven't the remotest idea how to prepare them."

Not Difficult for the Little Girl.

MRS. MAUDE HOWE ELLIOTT tells of a conversation that once took place in a friend's house in Boston in which there were discussed certain phenomena of the mind. Some one observed that it was a curious fact that no man could do one thing and think of another.

During the discussion a little girl of ten, the daughter of the host, was listening attentively.

"I can do one thing and think of another," she said.

"What is it?" asked her father.

"Well," she said, "it is very easy for me to say the Lord's Prayer and think of almost anything else I want to. I do it every night."—*Harper's Weekly*.

A COUNTRY sexton in England officiated at a funeral clad in a red waistcoat. At the conclusion of the obsequies, the vicar gently remonstrated with the old grave-digger, saying: "Robert, you should not wear a red waistcoat at a funeral; you hurt the feelings of the mourners."

Robert replied, placing his hand on his breast: "Well, what does it matter, sir, so long as the heart is black?"—*Argonaut*.

DO you—aw—believe in the—aw—theory of evolution, Miss Wise—that we all—aw—spring from apes, don't you know?"

The beautiful girl hesitated. "I never used to," she replied finally.—*New York Press*.



A Xmas Gift for your Automobile

Jones Speedometer—shows the speed.

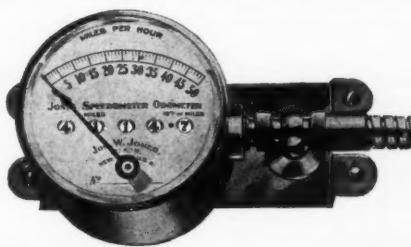
Jones Odometer—shows the distance.

Jones Speedometer-Odometer—shows both.

The last device is a combination of the first two; it is possible for the automobile to know constantly the speed of his car, and at the same time the distance travelled. The instrument is attachable to the dashboard of any type of machine. Guaranteed accurate.

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The Franklin for 1905



TYPE B

The 1904 Franklin Light Car, with or without tonneau, was the marvel of the year. No other car had so great a proportion of power to weight; no other car of its class established such records for hill-climbing or races; and, as is well known, the

Franklin Light Car of 1904 cut the trans-continental record in half—33 days (from San Francisco to New York) instead of 61. But, more important than all, no other car began to be so lively or so reliable; gave its owners so little trouble and so high a degree of satisfaction.

The Franklin Cars for 1905 are still more powerful in proportion to weight. We have not added an ounce to the engine, but we have discovered how to get two horse-power more out of the same engine than we did last year.

Besides this, we have added two more cars of higher power—20 horse-power and 30 horse-power. We have also taken a hundred pounds from the weight of the Franklin Light Car, and made it a model by itself—by far the speediest and finest light car ever built.

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Type F—**Light Tonneau**, five-passenger, \$1700.

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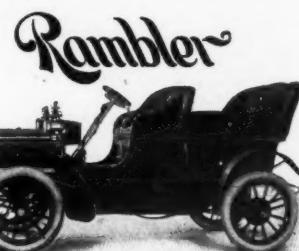
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Public Lotteries.

WITH the curious perversity noticeable in the staidest of peoples, there seems to be a feeling in England that the public lottery might be a good thing. Even the *Westminster Review* has taken the cause of the lottery to itself, and weightily argued in favor of a government supervision of games of chance. The lottery is really out of good society less than a century. The British Museum was helped out by a lottery; Harvard, Yale and Princeton, all strictly sectarian in their early days, employed the lottery as a praiseworthy and honest mode of getting funds. Germany to-day recognizes the public lottery, and here in San Francisco the five dailies print twice a month the drawings of foreign lotteries patronized on this Coast. The main argument for government lotteries is the fact that the speculative instinct is too strong to be quashed, and if not given a lottery, where the liability of the speculator is limited, people will rush off to the stock market, to the horse race, and eke the whist table. Some even see in them a method of trust busting. Possibly the excitement attendant of the drawing would be good for the complexion. But the great argument advanced is that England, between 1793 and 1824, realized profits of £346,795 from public lotteries. The *Westminster Review* writer is probably fighting for no very practical project, but we may remark without offense that it might be better to buy tickets in a strictly honest lottery, upon which Uncle Sam would keep a paternal eye rather than to be robbed by Chinese lottery skin-games and by Central American sharpers.—*Argonaut*.

G. WILLIAMS: I haven't seen anything in the paper lately about Wedgeley, the great football player of a few seasons ago. Is he dead?

ERFLINT: Dead! No. He's more terrible than ever. He drives a racing automobile now.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"**GOD wot!**" said Sir Percival; "likewise odds bodikins and go to; but that youngster is a terror!"

"In what way, prithee?"

"Every night since his arrival he has done me out of a knight's sleep."

—*Houston Post*.



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When Sir Conan Doyle Was Just a Doctor

AN American lady asked Conan Doyle one day why he had given up the practice of medicine, says the *Philadelphia Bulletin*. He said the work was too hard and to prove it he went on to tell of his first case:

"My first case came to me in the middle of the night. It was January, and a cold rain was falling. The jangle of the door bell awoke me from a sound sleep, and, shivering and yawning, I put my head out of the window and said, 'Who's there?'

"'Doctor,' said a voice, 'can you come to Peter Smith's house at once?'

"'What's the trouble?' I asked.

"Smith's youngest girl took a dose of laudanum in mistake for paragoric, and we're afraid she'll die.'

"'All right, I'll come,' said I.

"I tramped three miles through the cold and rain to Smith's. Twice on the way I fell on the icy pavement, and once my hat blew off, and in the darkness I was nearly half an hour finding it.

"Finally, though, I reached Smith's. But the house was dark—shutters all closed—not a light. I rang the bell. No answer.

"But at last a head stuck itself gingerly out of a third-story window.

"'Be you Dr. Doyle?' it said.

"'Yes,' said I. 'Let me in.'

"'Oh, no need to come in, doctor,' said the head. 'The child's all right now. Sleeping very quiet.'

"'But how much laudanum did you give it?' said I.

"'Only two drops, doctor—not enough to hurt a cat. I guess I'd better take my head in now. The night air is cold. Good-night. Sorry to have troubled you.'

"I buttoned my coat and turned homeward, trying as best I could to stifle my mortification and anger. But suddenly the window was raised again, and the same voice cried:

"'Doctor! I say, doctor!'

"I hurried back. I thought the child had suddenly taken a turn for the worse. 'Well, what do you want?' I said.

"The voice made answer:

"'Ye won't charge nothin' for this visit, will ye?'

REPRESENTATIVE DRESSER, of Bradford, Pa., is a large manufacturer of oil well supplies. Since he has been in politics he has allowed his son to manage some parts of his business. A week or two ago he went up home to look over the factory, and while he was in his office a man from one of the oil districts asked to see him.

"What is it, Jim?" Representative Dresser asked.

"Why, Mr. Dresser," the visitor replied. "I am in a heap of trouble. I owe six hundred dollars and it is keeping me up nights worrying how I can pay it. I haven't got the money."

"My dear Jim," Dresser replied. "I don't see why that should disturb you. Let the other fellow do the worrying. I have found that the best plan."

"Is that a good plan?"

"Best in the world. Whom do you owe the money to?"

"To your son; I bought some stuff of him."

—*Detroit Journal.*

IN Columbia, S. C., Senator Tillman is not so popular as he is in other parts of the State, says the *New York Times*. Recently a young Columbian entered the outer office of the city's leading dentist. Coming out to meet his patient the dentist whispered excitedly:

"Whom do you s'pose I've got inside here? Old one-eyed Ben Tillman! And if I don't make him squeal nobody can. I won't do a thing to him—oh, my!" And the dentist surgeon brandished his forceps gleefully and returned to the pleasure of torturing the Senator.

Next day the same young man came again.

"Well, did you succeed in making Tillman yell?" he asked.

The dentist shook his head sadly.

"No," he replied in a disappointed tone. "I couldn't make him flinch. He didn't make a sound, and d'ye know, when he got out of the chair he turned to me with a smile and said:

"Say, doctor, I didn't know before that you ran a painless dental shop."

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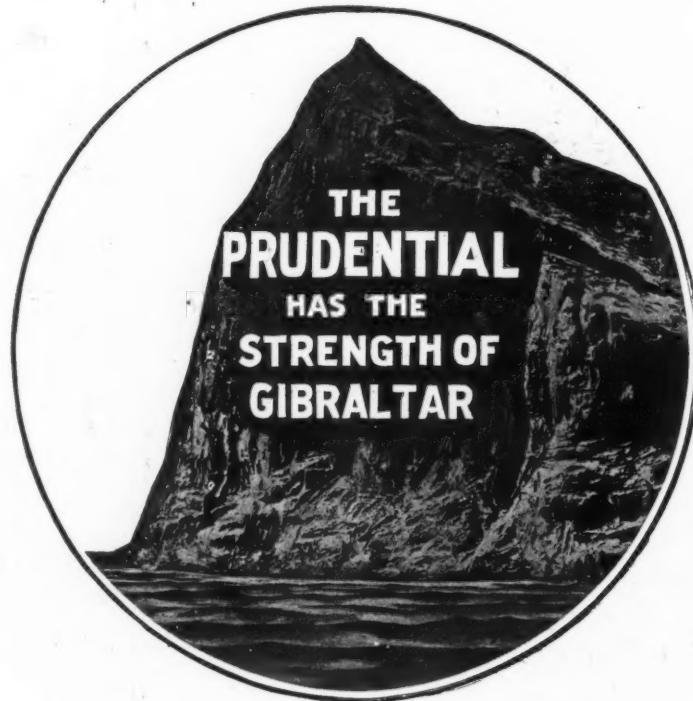
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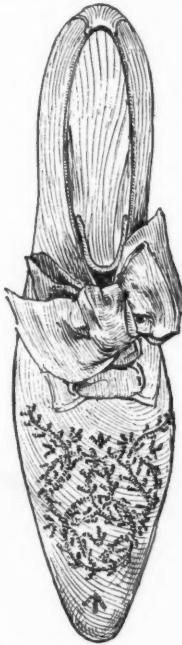


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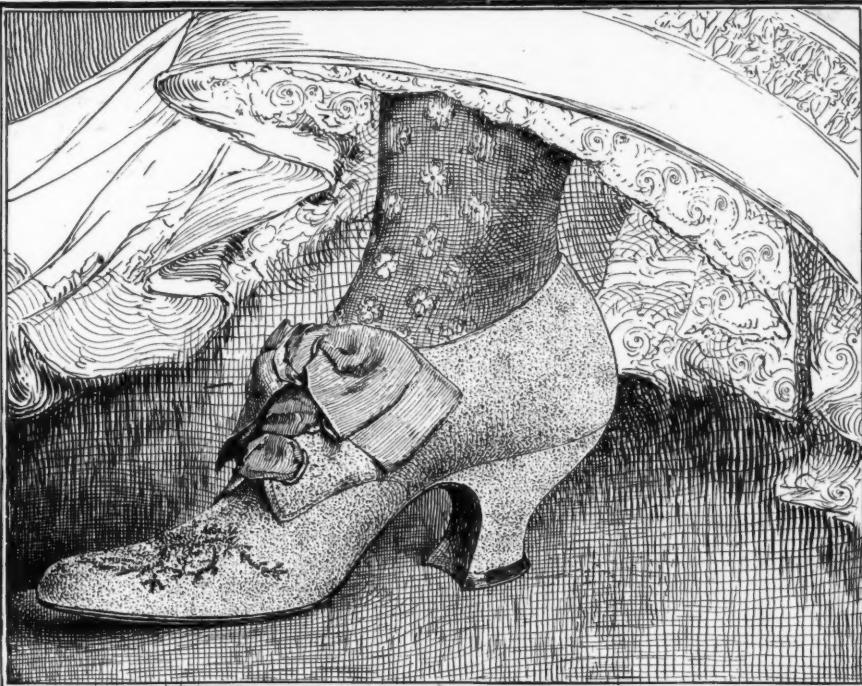
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